

BUCKLEY
N KENNEDY
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NATIONAL REVIEW

Bruce Bartlett
on

**Ernest
van den Haag**
on

Tax Sex



Also In This Issue:

FRANTZELL ON PEKING'S SHORT-LIVED SPRING; JICINSKI ON
THE CONVICTIONS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA; NOVAK ON
'THE MYTH OF COMPASSION'; SOBRAN REVIEWS FRANCES
FITZGERALD; PLUS CROZIER, MANO,
HAZELTON, BERENSON



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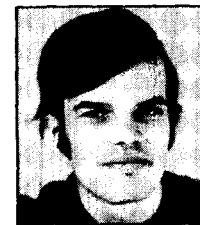
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Cover by James W. O'Bryan



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Letters

Light under a Bushel

Charles Kesler has done a superb job ["The Movement of Student Opinion," Nov. 23]. He should be less critical, however, of the fact that religion does not seem to inhibit college students who believe in it from doing very much. "If thou shouldst mark iniquities, Lord, who could stand?" Faith is the important thing. God will remake the natures of His people; He will be satisfied with nothing less.

David Zincavage
Redding Ridge, Conn.

SALT-Sellers

Lev Navrozov's provocative article, "If Pigs Had Wings" [Oct. 21], posed an important question:

How are we to explain the reluctance which so many of our senators, trying to assess the "verifiability" of the SALT II treaty, have shown toward obtaining the testimony of someone like Dr. Igor Glagolev, who is, according to Lev Navrozov, "a top Soviet SALT expert and negotiator who has recently defected to the West"?

Our senators instinctively assume that anyone who once worked for a totalitarian system is intrinsically unreliable, as opposed to the home-grown "expert." The fact that the defector was once an "insider," while the domestic expert is necessarily an "outsider" trying to interpret the inner workings of a deliberately hermetic totalitarian system, makes no difference. The first, virtually by definition, are dismissed as persons "with an axe to grind" and thus thoroughly suspect; whereas the second, because they can study the mysterious phenomena of Soviet life from a secure, "impartial" distance of four to five thousand miles, can be regarded as "authorities."

But there is a second and no less pernicious reason why our SALT-selling senators behave so superciliously toward defectors like Dr. Igor Glagolev and many others, who might have fascinating evidence to provide. This is our naive, mechanistic infatuation with sophisticated gadgetry, based on the deep-seated American belief that what man can do, machines can do even better. No on-the-spot spy—no matter what gifted fantasists like Ian Fleming or John le Carré may seek to have us believe—can ever, in this view of things, be as effective as a satellite camera "working over" a target from the sure-proof altitude of eighty, ninety, or—why not?—120 miles. The greater the distance between the peering lens and the unsuspecting (or supposedly unsuspecting) object, the more admirable, the more

wonder-inducing the scientific achievement seems.

This too is no newly born prejudice. Nine or ten years ago I heard one of America's foremost journalists confidently declare: "Fundamentally, the war in Vietnam is boiling down to a battle between technology and ideology. We have the technology, the Vietminh have the ideology. And you'll see, the technology is going to win." But the Vietcong won, and for a very simple reason: neither IBM nor any other computer manufacturer has yet been able to invent a machine even one-tenth as shrewd and clever as General Giap, not to mention his Soviet trainers and advisors.

Curtis Cate
Paris

Of Mice and Men

So cruelly glib were NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial remarks under the heading "Traitor to Art" [Nov. 9] that it would be better if nothing had been said. Neither the musical nor the moral judgment on Dmitri Shostakovich is as clear or simple as was stated.

From the musical point of view, it should be noted that works composed by Shostakovich either before the 1936 condemnation or after his 1966 heart attack number more than sixty—nearly half his total output and more than many composers produce in a lifetime—none of which reflect the aesthetic theories of Josef Stalin.

Nor is it clear that the middle-period works can be dismissed so easily. The Eighth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Symphonies were widely denounced an anti-Soviet, as was the song cycle "From Jewish Folk Poetry," among other works. None of the ten Quartets dating from this period can be credibly labeled "Party-line junk." Even the notorious Fifth, Seventh, and Eleventh Symphonies have been victims of misinterpretation. Shostakovich writes: "I think it is clear to everyone what happens in the Fifth. The rejoicing is forced, created under threat. . . . It's as if someone were beating you with a stick and saying, 'Your business is rejoicing, your business is rejoicing,' and you rise, shaky, and go marching off, muttering, 'Our business is rejoicing, our business is rejoicing.' What kind of an apotheosis is that? You have to be a complete oaf not to hear it."

Viewed in this way, Shostakovich's parodistic bombast is as telling as the parodistic sentimentality of Mahler or the irony so pervasive in Mussorgsky. It is tragic that the American musical public,



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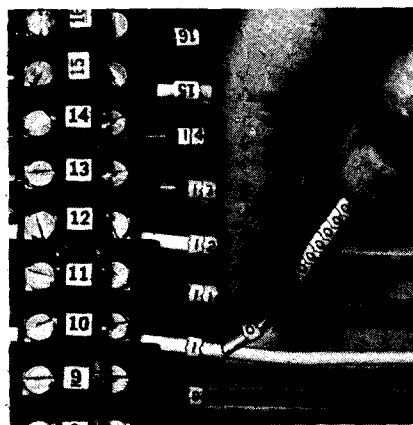
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under the tutelage of such critics as Harold C. Schonberg, has failed to see in these works any more than did the "great gardener," the "leader and teacher."

The moral judgment may be more problematic—at our distance it is perhaps impossible—but it is surely unfair to say that Shostakovich "sold out" for "perquisites and high connections." Defection would have greatly enhanced his personal and economic security. His patron Tukhachevsky was destroyed by Stalin in 1937, and his personal connections, like Sollertinsky, Zoshchenko, and Yudina, were as precariously situated as he was himself.

Shostakovich's contacts with Westerners were limited to journalists and Soviet apologists. Is it any wonder he mistrusted us? It is worth noting that Solzhenitsyn opposes voluntary defection.

It would be pointless to worry about the opinions of such publications as the *New York Times*, but from *NATIONAL REVIEW* I expect more. "This is not generous, not gentle, not humble."

Stephan L. Burton
Bowling Green, Ohio

I think you were a little hard on Dmitri Shostakovich. That Casals, for example, or Rostropovich is a hero there can be no doubt. But not everyone is a hero. Nor are non-heroes necessarily heels. We can feel sorry for Shostakovich, whose family ties, love of country, lack of conviction, and/or lack of heroism caused him not to defect. We can also be grateful for the musical nuggets to be found not infrequently even within the post-First Symphony Shostakovich canon.

Was Prokofiev, too, a "traitor" who "sold out"? Your judgment is too harsh. The heroic Solzhenitsyns of the world are a distinct minority. The rest—Shostakovich and the most of us—are merely mortal.

Thomas H. Wendel
Campbell, Calif.

Is the Church Catholic?

Ordinarily one does not respond to letters addressed to a magazine; however, Fr. Edmond Mullen's letter ["Letters," Oct. 26] on D. K. Mano's *NR* article of July 20 on the Church and tradition touches a sensitive point. He writes that the Church of which the Bishop of Rome is the head is the Roman Catholic Church. That is not correct.

The Pope hardly, if ever, refers to the Church as Roman Catholic. This is a name given to her by others to justify separation from her. The term is inaccurate, besides, because not all Catholics are of the Roman rite.

Oriental-rite Catholics are in union with the Holy See and yet are not Roman Catholics. To Father Mullen, I would say that neither St. Augustine of Canterbury nor St. Thomas of Canterbury would have

known or recognized any such distinction. They are members of the Catholic Church, part of which means union with Christ's Vicar.

L. F. Villa
Norfolk, Va.

Sex and the Married Liberal

An earnest desire to avoid hyperbole restrains one from voicing the opinion that John Simon's review of *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* [Oct. 26] is his worst to date.

Granted that it's not a great film, but it seems to deserve a more careful viewing than Mr. Simon was willing to grant it. It is not the story of a man who chooses to expose a racist, but rather the story of a man who, in toadying to his constituency and yielding to the blandishments of a fascinating woman, manufactures a case of racism to further his own career. Tynan states early in the film that the Supreme Court designate in question is not a racist. During the scene in which he "exposes" this man, there are shots of his admirers sitting with wolfish grins on their faces.

While many of the actions in the film are, as Mr. Simon tells us, unmotivated or poorly motivated, when he wonders why a man who loves his wife would yield to the deliberate seduction of Meryl Streep, one wonders how to answer him. He seems unaware of the most basic human drives.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan is the first film in at least a generation to suggest that liberalism itself may be corrupted and corrupting, and considering Mr. Alda's usual knee-jerk attitudes, he deserves at least a touch of recognition for having written it.

Russell W. Martin
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dangling Debate

The Episcopal Church has been getting a lot of coverage lately considering its modest size, and *NR* has been well represented in publishing a variety of writers in varying degrees of snit.

There is an unhappy, unloving sameness pervading almost all of these writings. Daniel Oliver, the latest example ["Creeping Sanity," Oct. 26], manages, typically, to avoid mention of God except once in what I inexpertly measure as 33 column inches, and His son Our Saviour not at all. Father Mullen pulls off the same trick in a letter in the same issue.

It is not the fault of the Episcopal Church alone that men are wont to build boxes called churches and surround them with fences called rules, and, when their work is done, then sit back satisfied that God will enter in full agreement and compliance.

Mano's anguished departure affected me greatly; I fail to see how someone otherwise so gifted cannot understand that the

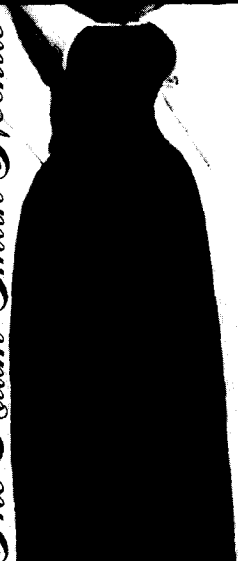
Anglican Communion is not a monolith or a purveyor of answers. It is merely an imperfect attempt at worshipping God through His Christ with, we hope, the aid and comfort of the Holy Spirit. Because we are human, we have differences of opinion about this man-made edifice. But if we are not loving and compassionate and prayerful in these differences among ourselves—not to mention mankind the world around—then we tread dangerous ground indeed.

A priest one said to me, "Jesus said, 'This is my body.' That is enough. Nothing further need be said about the subject." The utter truth of that statement illuminates the futility of centuries of strife generated by mere men who persist in playing the game of "What Jesus meant was . . ." Come on Mano, Oliver, et al.; with a little love and humor we can all worship in peace and joy.

Robert Joseph Powers
Shreveport, La.

May I bring to the attention of your readers an interesting extract from a letter of Cardinal Newman's? As readers of Daniel Oliver's "Creeping Sanity" know, the American Episcopal Church has undergone of late many dubious changes. The most prominent have been the ordination

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of women and the revision of the prayer book. There is however one other change being discussed—the removal of the *filioque* clause from the Creed. This would be done, it is argued, in the interest of irenic relations with the Eastern Orthodox, who have a slightly different theology concerning the divine procession.

This is not the first time the question has come up. In August 1875 there was a meeting of Anglicans and various members of the Old Catholic and Eastern communions, at which meeting some Anglicans proposed dropping the *filioque* clause for the same reasons it is being proposed now. Of course one can argue there are historical and doctrinal reasons for making such a change. I suspect such an argument would be inconclusive at best. In any case these were not the reasons for the proposed change then, nor are they the reasons today.

Newman's great Anglican friend E. B. Pusey opposed the removal of the clause, and it is in no small part due to his efforts that it remains in the Creed today. Upon hearing of Pusey's efforts, Newman wrote to Alfred Plummer on February 21, 1876, "I sympathize with Dr. Pusey. He felt and I think with reason that there was a large party who were likely to sacrifice doctrinal truth to unity. I am thinking especially of Americans . . ." In this as in so many things John Henry Newman was prophetic.

*Robert Alpert
Monterey, Calif.*

Pardonable Parody

I believe Mr. Buckley has contracted a severe case of piety in the case of his response to Monty Python's *Life of Brian* ["On the Right" Oct. 26].

The film, at two specific junctures (the Nativity scene and the Sermon on the Mount), distinguishes its protagonist, Brian, from Jesus. There is no direct parody of Our Lord's life, ministry, or death.

There is, of course, intense parody of man's willingness to believe what he will, in this case that Brian is the Messiah, regardless of the facts, a willingness with which I am sure you are acquainted.

If any Christian, upon seeing *Life of Brian*, asks himself why he believes in Christ and not in Brian, or anyone like him, then all the better—because Jesus has an answer.

*Robert K. Olsen
Placentia, Calif.*

Tape Confusion

Thank you for Mr. Sobran's fine review of the Fifth Anniversary Chesterton Conference in Toronto ["The Feast of St. Gilbert," Sept. 14]. In a brief space he has managed to put very well the position of the "Chesterton movement" today. However, I'd like to mention what I think is

one omission in the article, and to point out a minor error.

The omission is the lack of any reference to Christopher Derrick's talk. In my opinion, the overall meeting was rather dull and was saved by Mr. Derrick's fine presentation.

The error is that the tape that was played was not Father Boyd's. He forgot his and phoned me in Rochester the previous evening. So I brought my original, which I had obtained direct from the BBC some time before. Incidentally, there were three excerpts on the tape; the first two, including the one Mr. Sobran quoted from, dated from 1933. It was only the last one (1936) that was recorded shortly before GKC's death.

*Robert Knille
Rochester, N.Y.*

Smoot-Hawley Typo

I just received my November 9 copy of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. I have to assume that someone has provided Alan Reynolds ["What Do We Know about the Great Crash?"] with an egregious typo on page 1418. I sincerely doubt the *Senate* passed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff in 1930 by a vote of 222 to 153. Thank you for a creative think piece nonetheless.

*Theodore S. Hoster
New York, N.Y.*

Violations of Various Kinds

L. Brown asserts ["Letters," Nov. 9] that the treaty between Jacob's sons and King Hamor, recounted in the 34th Chapter of Genesis, about which I wrote in "Remember the Hivites" [Oct. 12], was made under duress because at the time of the assault by Jacob's sons, Dinah was still in Shechem's house (verse 26). But the con-

SOMETIMES I FEEL
THAT MY ENTIRE
LIFE IS MOOT!



sideration for the treaty to Hamor from Jacob's sons was their consent that Dinah should remain with Shechem and become his wife. They attached two conditions: Shechem's circumcision and the circumcision of the male Hivites. Both had been performed before the assault (verses 19 and 24). Naturally, therefore, Dinah was in Shechem's house and rightfully so. The treaty did involve deceit, but the deceit was by the sons of Jacob (verse 13); so the deceit afforded them no justification for violating the treaty.

While I appreciate Brown's three biblical citations that he would substitute for Genesis 34, two do not involve treaties, and I Kings 15:19-20 recites the breach of an alliance treaty. I chose Genesis 34 because it involved breach of a disarmament treaty.

Laurence W. Beilenson
Los Angeles, Calif

Motives, Milk, the Mideast

I see that *NR* regards John Connally as a "dramatic" politician ["The Week," Nov. 9] for his Mideast policy. I suspect his motives. In the past, dramatic politicians who've taken an "even-handed" position on the Mideast (recall Spiro Agnew and William Fulbright) have wound up on the Saudi-Kuwait payroll.

My uneducated guess is that Big John makes decisions only after bowing toward Mecca (and his tax-chiseling oil buddies) five times a day.

Give us a clue as to just who contributed to that fat campaign chest of \$7 million. Oil? Milk?

L. H. Buckler
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Converting the Unbeliever

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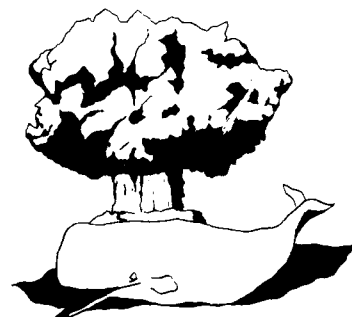
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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Florida** straw vote confirmed what GOP analysts have been saying. **Reagan**, the front-runner, has comfortable lead on second-place **John Connally**. Big surprise is **George Bush**, who is snapping at Connally's heels. Reagan got 36 per cent of the straw vote; Connally, 26; Bush, 21. Connally admitted "we didn't come quite as close as I thought we might but we built a good organization. If anyone is going to stop Reagan, it's going to be me." . . . Bush's third place in Florida came after first places in straw votes in **Iowa** and **Maine**. . . . *Washington Post* poll shows Reagan scoring as well with rank-and-file Republicans who consider themselves moderates or even liberals as he does with conservatives. In the poll, 41 per cent of all Republicans identified with Reagan. Nearest competitor is a distant **Howard Baker**, with 20 per cent. . . . Major criticism of Reagan so far is not his age but his flubs when he departs from *The Speech*.

■ It's going to take a lot of doctoring to revive Camelot. **Ted Kennedy**'s debut got a sour reception not only from *Wall Street Journal* but also from *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. **Mary McGrory**, a **JFK** diehard, was cool; **Jimmy Breslin**, brutal. . . . **Carter strategists** privately concede there is little their man can do to win the nomination; Kennedy will have to lose it, which, they insist, he will: "The Kennedy candidacy is flawed. It just won't fly." . . . Other Democrats say nomination will go to Kennedy only after a long and brutal fight and when a Carter nomination is no longer a possibility. . . . Left wing of Democratic



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*

"She wanted a fur coat for Christmas, so I bought her a rifle."

Rothco

Party seems resigned to Kennedy. At Washington meeting of **Democratic Agenda**, socialist **Michael Harrington**, nominal head of group, declared Carter has "gone past the point of no return" with the left wing of his Party. What about **Jerry Brown**? Harrington: He "gave up any chance to win the Left" with his "off-the-wall" economic policies.

■ Republican candidates are running with the **Iranian** football. In Florida, Reagan vowed he would make America so respected in the world that "never again will a dictator dare to invade our Embassy and hold our people captive." Connally started off like Reagan: "Never again do we want to see America and American citizens humiliated, blindfolded, handcuffed, and held captive, nor do we want to see the Stars and Stripes burned by a foreign mob." **Robert Dole**: "We are supposed to be a great nation. What's wrong with acting like one?" . . . Carterites contend that Iran could end up a plus for their chief if the **hostages** are freed unharmed—but much damage has been done him. Asked by a pollster to rate politicians on their willingness to exert

American power, those polled rated Carter at the very bottom of the list, below **George McGovern**. . . . Carter won't be helped by news that his emissary to the **Ayatollah**, **Ramsey Clark**, wrote a letter to Iranian official advising how to seek damages for the "criminal and wrongful acts committed by the **Shah**." Acting Iranian Foreign Minister **Abolhassan Bani-Sadr** quoted from the letter: "It is critically important to show that despots cannot escape and live in wealth while nations they ravaged continue to suffer." . . . U.S. dealers can't meet demand for 3' x 5' flammable Iranian flag.

■ With estimated 180,000 **Cambodians** now in Thailand, another 150,000 near the Thai-Cambodian border, intelligence experts are predicting that Vietnam will soon roll into Thailand to deliver knockout punch. . . . American planes are rushing to bolster **Thai air and ground defense**, but they may be too late. Vietnamese tanks may move before end of the year. . . . Former Cambodian Chief of State **Sihanouk** departs Peking November 25 on world tour to rouse support for armed struggle by Cambodian refugees against "Vietnamese colonizers." Much as he detests Vietnamese, Sihanouk's enemy Number One is **Pol Pot's** Khmer Rouge government. He says Pol Pot regime killed three of his daughters, two sons, three sons-in-law, 14 grandchildren.

■ **Gus Hall**, head of the U.S. Communist Party, has been nominated by his party to run for the White House in 1980. At 69, Hall is Reagan's senior by one year. Campaign insiders say the age issue will be Hall's biggest liability.

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THE WEEK

■ *New York*—Spokesmen for the Shah announced that as a result of modern medical treatment she is now a black.

■ It was all going so swimmingly. American public opinion was united, there were spontaneous demonstrations of patriotism on campuses around the country, the press was outraged and openly hostile to our enemy, and no one, not even Anthony Lewis, tried to assert that the whole Iranian mess was somehow our fault. Now along come the first three hostages to be released. They are welcomed with open arms and a joyous kiss on the cheek by our Ambassador in Denmark. With eager newsmen clustered about, the three former hostages allow as how they have learned something from their ordeal. "I think the American people have a lot to turn around and look at," opined Marine Sergeant Maples; "I got a different look at American imperialism." Would 15 days of house arrest in the U.S. give them a better perspective on Iranian terrorism?

■ The only thing outrunning prices is taxes. During the five fiscal years ending in 1977, the Census Bureau reports, consumer prices jumped 45.4 per cent—a distant second to the performance of income tax collections which recorded a 70.6 per cent increase. Since taxes are the prices we pay government, little wonder government income is up.

■ Just before he stepped down as head of HEW, Joseph Califano suffered a mysterious flash of common sense. It caused him to stay his mighty hand, which had been poised to smite any federally subsidized school imposing different dress codes on boys and girls. Under Title IX, see, you couldn't make just *one* sex wear skirts and bras. Nutty, huh? Even Joe Califano came to see that. Which may be why he gave way to a fitter person, stately, plump Patricia Roberts Harris, queen of the bureaucrats, who has announced she is going to go ahead with enforcement of the order.

■ Monetary events follow a pattern, like the opening measures of a fugue: statement of subject, statement of countersubject, restatement of subject. Statement of subject: In mid-September the finance ministers and central bankers of the six-month-old European Monetary System conferred on the progress of their endeavor and announced that the existing exchange rates among their currencies were hunky-dory and needed no change. Countersubject: Meeting secretly over the weekend of the 23rd (always on a weekend, when the exchange mar-

kets are shut down), the same officials agreed to alter the exchange rates. Restatement: Monday, the 24th, the German mark is revalued by 5 per cent against the Danish krone and by 2 per cent against the currencies of France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Ireland—and, by osmosis, against the British pound and the U.S. dollar. All this, plus a 60 per cent rise in the dollar price of gold, has happened in less than ten months following Mr. Carter's announcement of a grand scheme to "defend the dollar." The only genuine defense for a currency is the preservation of its buying power, i.e., zero inflation. No monetary official in the world foresees an imminent end to the U.S. inflation. So Mr. Carter's next scheme, whatever it may be, will surely fail to achieve its purpose; and the price of gold, however eccentrically, will continue to climb.

■ The Soviet Union has begun bestowing "hero mother" awards on women who serve the state by producing ten or more children. And it does indeed require stamina of heroic proportions to care for a family of that size in the workers' paradise. For one thing, women make up 51 per cent of the labor force in the USSR, in addition to which they are still expected to perform the bulk of household chores when they get home in the evening—and only 15 per cent of housework is mechanized in the USSR, compared with 80 per cent here. The consequence has been a steadily declining birth rate despite nearly frantic government measures to encourage large families. The simple fact is that Soviet women are worn out; too exhausted to have children. The USSR's crack social scientists are on top of the situation, however. They've conceived a novel explanation for the current distress: the declining birth rate can be traced to "the collapse of traditional family and social values" and the "defeminization" of women. Leaping lizards.

■ As Mrs. Thatcher makes good on her campaign promises, the costs and pains she and her colleagues forthrightly prophesied are becoming tangible. Unemployment is rising; Labor has now swept five points ahead of Mrs. Thatcher in the polls. The surprise is that this is supposed to be a surprise. Laborites and editorialists are acting as if they've been hoodwinked. Which is just so much whimpering balderdash. Thatcher & Co. are doing

After the Dust Settles

It takes no Nostradamus to
Predict that when Khomeini's through;
When mullahs call but no one comes,
Iran will march to distant drums.
Then, what was coveted by Czars
And, later, by the commissars—
An outlet to the southern seas—
Will fall to Russia in a breeze.

W. H. VON DREELE

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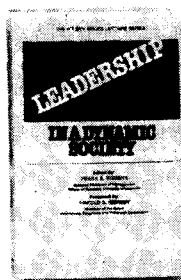
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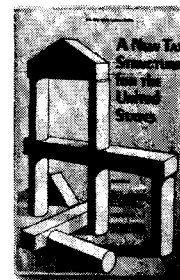
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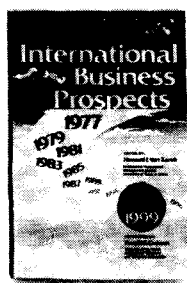
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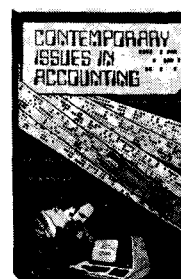
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James M. Voss, others.

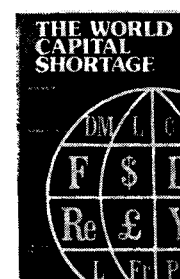
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Walter Mondale hobbles around the neighborhood like some crippled schoolboy hurling his warning at people, *whap*, like a wet newspaper. Stop the bloodletting, he cries, stop the bloodletting. He tells us that if we continue with this madness, the consequences will be dire and awful and . . . well, see your thesaurus for the rest. And he knows whereof he speaks, for Walter Mondale is wailing not about the bloodletting among our allies in Central America nor about the bloodletting among our deserted allies in Indochina nor even about the prospective bloodletting among our own diplomatic representatives abroad. He is wailing about the bloodletting here at home, within his beloved Democratic Party. First things first with Walter.

In his customary formulation, Mondale describes the threat this way: "The real danger is that it [the Carter-Kennedy struggle] will be so bitter, so poisonous to the Democratic Party, that no Democrat can win." Mondale's concern is not misplaced, it should be noted. Bitter intra-party struggles are often resolved by midnight tradeoffs—and nobody is more dispensable in a contest for the leadership of the Free World than the incumbent in the "second highest office in the land." But if Mondale's concern is not misplaced, it is widely unshared. For it becomes more starkly apparent each day that the best thing that ever happened to Jimmy Carter and Ted Kennedy is . . . each other.

What Carter needs, in political terms, is a chance to prove himself, a chance to look like a winner, decisive and presidential. His friend Castro tossed him an opportunity earlier this fall, but Carter fumbled it away, pro-

nouncing the status quo unacceptable just moments before embracing it. Now the Ayatollah comes forward, offering his own bizarre challenge, and Carter's response is no more reassuring. At this writing, Carter has somehow got himself into a game of geopolitical chicken with an Islamic lunatic. If Carter survives, it will be luck, not skill.

But the faith of born-again Christians is sometimes rewarded, and in Carter's case the arrival of Ted Kennedy comes not a day too soon. If ever there were a test of man and mettle, the troubadours sing, it is to meet the black knight of Hyannis in the lists at Camelot. To the death! the trumpets proclaim; and for him who stands at battle's end, he must but name the prize and it is his. Onto the field he charges, Sir Ted! The troubadours break into a lusty chorus of ne'er-forgotten exploits, songs of wine and women, women and wine. The crowd stirs with excitement. Sir Ted tips his lance to the crowd, snapping off the tip in the damp sod, then steadies himself in the saddle, announcing himself fit for combat. Jimmy Carter, lost in the crowd, smiles, knowing he is about to do the Lord's will.

But notice the symmetry. From the other side of the fence, the Kennedy side, it is Jimmy Carter who appears to be Heaven-sent. If there is an insurmountable obstacle to the Kennedy candidacy, it is, in the current euphemism, the "character issue." Senator Kennedy, it is alleged, has violated at least some of the Ten Commandments, and not necessarily your misdemeanor Commandments, either. He will be obliged to demonstrate in the coming months that he can conduct himself as a gentleman, for the American public will not tolerate even a Kennedy turning the White House into Animal

House. What better way, then, for Ted Kennedy to dispose of the character issue than to put it to the ultimate test—a challenge to the most church-going, God-fearing, Bible-quoting man ever to hold the Presidency of the United States. (It is more than a little convenient, of course, that this same man has no political base.) Let's get on with the campaign, says Ted; let's dispose of this character issue once and for all. Ask me any questions you have, Roger.

And so the battle is joined. Not a bloodletting at all, but a campaign in which each candidate will be of invaluable service to the other.

■ Our Bureaucrat-of-the-Month Award goes this time to Mr. Smith Blair of Washington, D.C. The still-spry Mr. Blair retired from the General Accounting Office at the age of 63. He immediately became eligible for retirement benefits under the civil service system. (Those of you who follow such things will remember that everybody in the country is covered by one of two systems—the Social Security system or the civil service system. Since both systems are designed and managed by civil servants, it will come as no surprise to students of bureaucratic practice that the civil service system is superior in every respect—higher payouts, lower pay-ins, more secure funding, tighter indexation, and so on.) One of the fringe benefits of Mr. Blair's retirement package is that it allows him to keep on working without penalty to his monthly check. And he has now taken advantage of that provision. He has gone to work for the National Association of Retired Federal Employees, where his principal assignment is to lobby against the merger of the civil service retirement system with Social Security. —CATO

what they said they'd do, the immediate effects are as they foretold, and the eventual result should be plain-spoken and enduring. And by the way, what ever happened to those Spartans who reminded us ever so sternly, when *they* were in the kitchen, that when you're making an omelette you're going to have to break a few eggs?

■ Bassam al-Shaka, the Palestinian mayor of Nablus in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, met with the Israeli military governor, Major General Danny Matt, a week ago, and

is reported to have remarked that the ongoing violence of the PLO is an inevitable result of the Israeli occupation. In the Aesopian rhetoric of politics, to predict an event without deploring it is to approve of it; Israel promptly placed Mayor Shaka under arrest for, not to mince words, sedition. Prime Minister Begin and the Israeli Ministerial Defense Committee reviewed the arrest and ordered the deportation of Mr. Shaka; whereupon all 25 Palestinian mayors resigned. Israel's former Foreign Minister, Abba Eban, accused the Begin ad-

ministration of overreacting; Israeli officials defended the action by charging the mayors with guilt by association (with the PLO). The U.S. State Department, mindful that the PLO may be useful as an intermediary in discussions with Khomeini concerning the Americans held hostage in Teheran, urged Israel not to deport Mr. Shaka. If their resignations are not accepted, the mayors by refusing to serve will be in violation of Israeli law; if they are accepted, then Israel must attempt to govern the ungovernable West Bank settlements. And now here's Charlie Smithers with the weekend sports roundup.

■ Whilst the dead in Cambodia pile up and international relief organizations, congressional delegations, and First Ladies struggle to get food to the starving, the important work of political indoctrination marches on in Phnom Penh. Henry Kamm of the *New York Times* visited an elementary school run by the Vietnamese puppet regime of Heng Samrin. The scrubbed and smiling children were paraded out to sing a song from the Phnom Penh hit parade: "Pol Pot committed genocide, he massacred our parents, he forced us to slave in the fields, he made us gather human excrement for fertilizer, he did not allow us to attend school." The children sing and Heng Samrin continues to block transports of food for fear that it may reach the mouths of Pol Pot's supporters.

■ After four days of tests and inspection, a team of scientists has confessed that they cannot understand how the image of a human being came to be transferred to the Shroud of Turin. Nor, for that matter, can science explain love.

■ "Sir, It may be of interest to record that, in walking through St. James's Park today, I noticed a grey wagtail running about on the now temporarily dry bed of the lake, near the dam below the bridge, and occasionally picking small insects out of the cracks in the dam. Probably the occurrence of this bird in the heart of London has been recorded before, but I have not myself previously noted it in the Park. I am your obedient servant, Neville Chamberlain (January 24, 1933)." The *Times* of London returned to newsstands after an 11-month-long labor dispute, assuring the English establishment of a place to record its births and deaths, to comment on each other's books, and to publish letters such as the one above. The *Times'* management had stopped publication in hopes of forcing the unions to accept computerized print technology and to end feather-bedding and wildcat strikes. The unions swore off wildcats, reduced their lust for feather-beds, accepted a dose of computers (operated, *bien sûr*, by themselves), and took a generous helping of pay raises. The Thomson organization, which owns the paper, lost \$50 million during the stoppage, and failed to record the peregrinations of who knows how many grey wagtails.

■ An outfit called Croft-NEI Publications has put out a perfectly breathless circular describing how you can get ABSOLUTELY FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION the very most federal-aid dollars for your school. "The next time you prepare budgets, you could be writing in sums like these: \$34,450 *federal dollars* for a new district-wide vandalproofing project . . . \$17,600 *federal dollars* to launch an information-gathering and staff-awareness program in Learning Disabilities." Act now; you owe it to yourself.

■ UNCONFIRMED REPORT: Eight Republican candidates are going to issue a joint demand that Ronald Reagan's hair be carbon-dated.

■ Senator Kennedy . . . oh, the hell with it.

Iran: Musings

The troubles in Iran are too vexing and portentous to ignore, too diffused for synthesis, and too volatile for prediction. So one is left to muse.

Obviously, immunity and extraterritoriality are necessary for diplomatic representation. Without them official communication between governments is not feasible. To describe the principles as founded on international law somewhat misstates the matter. In them, rather, international law carries on usages handed down from primitive societies long antedating the emergence of political institutions akin to states as known today.

Only the Boxer insurrection of the early 1900s in China comes to mind as an analogue—albeit an imperfect one—to the current affront. In that episode, much as the ruffians in Iran today pass themselves off as students, so the miscreants then labeled themselves devotees of a so-called cult of sublime fisticuffs—in short, Boxers. Their aim was: isolation of distraught China from external influences and the rigors of competitive existence. The underlying conception of interdependence was freedom from external obligations rather than command of capabilities for fulfilling them. Their efforts to exterminate missionaries and other foreign devils logically led on to attempted destruction of diplomatic institutions in Peking. The regime of the day was too weak to prevent the besieging of legations and the terrorizing of diplomats and their staffs and kindred. Moreover, a Manchu clique at court and a doddering dowager empress, personifying supreme authority insofar as it could be said to exist in China, encouraged and used the offenders.

Outside powers responded to the aggression as to an act of war, launched a combined military expedition to raise the siege and rescue the beleaguered, routed the Boxers, put the imperial court to flight, and eventually exacted such forms of redress as apologies, indemnities

equivalent to \$738,820,707 in gold with payment assured through an imposed customs system, and punishments for 96 Chinese functionaries.

In Iran, the United States is singled out as the target—its chancery violated, its people held in duress, both as hostages to coerce the delivery of the ailing ex-Shah to vengeance and the handing-over of his wealth, and as criminals punishable for allegedly spying. The captors correspond more or less to the Boxers of another day. The brooding Ayatollah Khomeini serves as counterpart to the culpable dowager empress—personifying what there is of supreme authority. He also personifies in pristine purity that dark side of Islamic thought which values getting even over getting ahead, along with the Shiite sect's special preoccupation with martyrdom. In Khomeini's book, observing matters in Iran and reporting home about them—doing what an embassy is supposed to do—constitutes spying. The assault is on diplomatic interchange. The deeds—whatever their roots may be in a country deficient in civic culture, unable or disinclined to pull itself together properly in the sequel to ousting a monarch—are acts of war.

It is hard, indeed impossible, to avoid day-dreaming about a response to such acts of war that would be as quick, precise, and efficacious as the response in an earlier time, but the thought brings one ruefully to differences even more significant than parallels.

The matter of assurance on the flanks gets to the core. In superficial appearance the whole world—subject to a couple of vocal exceptions among the Arab radical fringe—has lined up on the U.S. side of the narrow issue of respect for diplomatic immunity and extraterritoriality. Even the Soviet Union has adhered to proprieties in a formal sense—a particular especially needing to be put in perspective.

Concurrently the Soviet Union's Radio Baku has been transmitting incitement, encouragement, and advice to the malefactors in their own tongue. The fact has been played down by the U.S. Government in keeping with the self-deceptive canons of detente, but the *Wall Street Journal* has revealed, with full details, what informed intuition had assumed to be the case without being told. In sum, the Soviet Union perseveres in a duality basic to Leninist practices—participating in all the benefits and prerogatives of the state system while opportunistically conniving against them.

In a well-worn cliché of strategists, if you can take care of the cat, you can take care of the kittens. The inverse is also true. If you can't take care of the cat, you can't take care of the kittens either. The Soviet Union with its formidable strategic resources overhangs the situation and is the main factor precluding serious consideration of a military reaction to Iran's acts of war.

The expedients being resorted to as alternatives are problematic. Cutting off oil imports from Iran was a redundant gesture in view of Iran's stoppage of oil exports

headed this way. Anyway, because petroleum is a fungible product, the joint effort is likely to be an inconsequential readjustment of lines of distribution. Freezing the Iranian regime's money deposits is a more substantial step—all too likely, however, to prove out as a relatively minor factor in accelerating the economic collapse, and political disintegration, which that country's frantic policies are propelling it toward anyway. The expansionist Soviet Union stands to be the gainer in that event—just as expansionist Russia was a gainer in the wake of the Boxer affair.

Again, these are musings, not predictions. A prediction about Iran is all too likely to end up as hapless as President Carter's congratulation of that country—two years ago this very month—as “an island of stability.” To recall an apt summation given in a report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee two decades ago—as valid now as then—“the area remains obdurately a most disorderly part of the world; geographically, racially, culturally, economically, and, above all, politically, there is a profound inconsistency about the area. For every rule, there is an exception, for every premise a contradiction.” It comes down to this: American foreign policy is not working. James Burnham explained why, in this journal, for 23 years.

Cuban Prelude

Recent troubles in Iran tend to dim memories of that performance on October 1, a mere two months ago. Only a few days previously, the President, inveighing against the presence of a Soviet brigade in Cuba, had pronounced the pertinent status quo unacceptable. Then on national TV to explain his acquiescence, the President called the brigade's continuing presence acceptable for being merely an extension of the status quo. It was vintage Carter—rated by flipflop connoisseurs to match Don Juan's Julia who, “whispering ‘I will ne'er consent,’ consented.” The import of the episode from Moscow's vantage is now the theme of a brochure entitled “Soviet Combat Troops in Cuba” by Dr. Mose Harvey of the Advanced International Studies Institute.

Harvey, who has striven most of his adult life to get inside the Soviet skull, reminds us of the Soviet aim to immobilize this country, bit by bit, in the face of Soviet military enterprises not directed against the U.S. homeland itself. In this instance the Carter Administration obligingly found, in the lack of a palpable menace to Mobile, Miami, and such, a basis for deciding, on second thought, to drop its demands and therefore to lower its voice and pulse rate and to shrug off the Soviet Union's acknowledgment, for the first time, of its connections with a military training complex in Cuba.

The basic consideration was the Administration's felt need to square itself with the postulates underlying its

approach to Soviet relations. Marshall Shulman, Administration shaman in such matters, has given the watchword: "Common sense dictates that we should, while advancing our own interests and purposes, energetically seek to regulate the competitive aspects to reduce the danger of war and at the same time enlarge the area of cooperation where our interests are not in conflict." What that means in paraphrase: The main thing is getting along with the Soviet Union, and that takes a lot of swallowing. As Carter put it at his first presidential press conference: "... the previous Administration thought there ought to be this linkage. . . . I don't feel that way."

The initial rumpus over the Soviet brigade was an absent-minded slip, as if the tenor singing Roméo had introduced Otello's thunder into the balcony scene. Carter quickly bethought himself and covered the blunder, and the result was music to Moscow's ears.

Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?

Let the word go forth to friend and foe alike . . . that Ted Kennedy just may be *through*. Yes, that's right, through.

Kennedy peaked in early fall, when he represented not so much an actual candidacy as the idea of an alternative to Carter. Since then it has been downhill all the way, and during the past fortnight nothing good has happened to the Kennedy candidacy. For one thing, he made a complete hash of two television appearances (see "On the Right," p. 1580), first on an hour-long CBS program with Roger Mudd, then on an equally painful NBC *Meet the Press*. Kennedy reads a prepared script very well; but *extempore*, forget it. Worse still, from his point of view, the truth about his record in the Senate is beginning to leak out.

Morton Kondracke, the executive editor of *The New Republic*, for example, has an article in its November 10 issue which draws lots of political blood. Kennedy is a trendy isolationist and unilateral disarmer.

Over the years, as Kondracke sums it up, Kennedy has voted and/or worked against the anti-ballistic missile, the B-1 bomber, the AWACS airborne early warning system, the cruise missile, the neutron bomb, aircraft carriers, the Trident nuclear submarine, Mark 12-A nuclear warheads, and the Sanguine communications system for nuclear submarines.

Kennedy gave enthusiastic support to only one new piece of armament, the F-18 fighter. The motor for the F-18 is manufactured in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Long an opponent of the Vietnam War, Kennedy also voted against President Ford's request for \$522 million in extra aid for Vietnam and Cambodia. Kennedy con-

sistently supported the Mansfield amendment which would have pulled U.S. forces out of NATO. Kennedy opposed U.S. aid to the pro-Western faction in Angola, which now controls much of the countryside. Kennedy opposes aid to Turkey. And, though he wants better relations with Castro, he also wants to cut off investment in Chile. He opposes the establishment of a U.S. base on Diego Garcia, and he wants to "de-militarize" the Persian Gulf, despite vital U.S. interests there. "Historically," as Mr. Kondracke sums it all up, "Kennedy has not seen America's vital interests threatened anywhere in the world."

Kennedy's record on domestic issues is complementary. He has voted against a budget-balancing amendment, against cutting the HEW budget, against cutting public service jobs, against Kemp-Roth, against indexing tax tables to the rate of inflation, against tax deductions for private-school tuition, against a "sunset law" for the new Department of Education, against an amendment to kill court-ordered busing, against an amendment permitting school prayer, against a bill to restore the death penalty for murder, treason, and espionage, against all attempts to restrict federal funding of abortions.

This list could be much extended, but you get the idea. Where public policy is concerned, Kennedy is a wonderful driver.

Another writer for *The New Republic*, John Osborne, reports that at the Carter White House they believe that "we are going to beat the hell out of Senator Kennedy." Osborne, a veteran political observer, adds: "This reporter is betting and hoping that they are right."

Six weeks ago, an aura of invincibility surrounded Ted Kennedy. That has already disappeared. Speculation is even being heard that Kennedy made a big mistake in running this year, should have waited until 1984, and within the next six months may be destroyed as a political figure.

Reagan's Coming Up

Ronald Reagan's November 13 speech formally announcing his candidacy sought to achieve a number of things. By promising to trim the federal budget, Reagan nodded to the true-blue Republican economic conservatives. But by endorsing Kemp-Roth, Reagan pursued a different—and, perhaps, somewhat contradictory—tendency. The Kemp-Roth approach aims at stimulating production by lowering taxes, and it need not entail budget cuts. Politically, it seeks to bring over to the Republicans constituencies not unfriendly to one or another federal program.

In any case, Reagan's statements were good enough for Mr. Tax Cut himself, Jack Kemp, who immediately announced that he would take on the role of Reagan's economic spokesman.

Where his proposed budget cuts are concerned, Reagan can expect to be asked just where and just how much. In 1976, it will be recalled, Reagan called for a \$90-billion cut in the federal budget, and his campaign never completely recovered from the political trouble that idea caused: Reagan was going to throw widows out in the snow, New Hampshire would have to institute an income tax, et cetera. Having been badly burned in 1976, Reagan will no doubt be wary this year.

The November 13 speech also continued to reinforce the more "moderate"—some would say beige—image Reagan has been cultivating this year. Toned down were the former sharp attacks on "Washington," Carter having given that sort of thing a bad name; there were no attacks, long familiar in the Reagan repertoire, on "welfare cheaters"; and the rhetoric seemed much less combative where international questions are concerned. Reagan is obviously looking ahead to the general election and seeking to broaden his support. Indeed, he seems to be running more as the heir apparent than as an ordinary candidate.

Meanwhile, in the Maine caucus voting, the Reagan people reportedly put a cute move on Howard Baker, who was supposed to come out on top in Maine. The Reagan people switched their votes to George Bush, allowing him to win, and handing Baker a nasty little surprise. The Reagan campaign could live to regret that move, since it gained Bush some nice headlines and attached to his candidacy the adjective "serious." Bush is much better organized in Iowa, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts than Baker, and could emerge as a more formidable opponent for Reagan, especially since John Connally, though he has raised a lot of money and made a lot of noise, has so far been unable to score in the polls.

SALTwise

Back to its chores after a brief Thanksgiving interlude and with only 15 workdays left before the end of the session, the Senate faced a schedule chock-full of issues—including the Chrysler bailout, a petroleum excise bill masquerading as a wind-fall profits tax, conference reports on legislation about synfuels and an Energy Mobilization Board, and the SALT II treaty. Even during FDR's fabulous hundred days, the Senate could not have geared up for so much in such short order. Few doubted that at least the intricate treaty would have to be sidetracked for want of time and votes, despite Majority Leader Robert Byrd's pledge to get ratification before adjournment.

The 9 to 6 vote in the Foreign Relations Committee—with seven Democrats and two Republicans pro, and two Democrats and four Republicans con—did not augur success for the treaty. In the whole Senate as of now, according to a consensus of Senate-watchers, some number of Democrats ranging from seven to a dozen, plus

one independent, would probably vote no, offset by eight to a dozen Republicans in support. Thus a hypothetical vote this year would about match party ratios without conforming to party lines, and the main question would be the margin of rejection.

Holding off a vote till spring of an election year would add to the imponderables, but it takes a soaring imagination to say what might come along to rescue the treaty in the interval. If anything, the trends would likely prove adverse rather than favorable, tempting the White House to avoid a decision in hope of carrying the SALT II issue into the election—an expedient which, if tried, must be opposed with vigor.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly . . .

What is important is to bring about the earliest feasible defeat of SALT II in resonant and unequivocal fashion and by as substantial a margin as may be possible so as to open the way for seeking a better alternative under a successor Administration.

Sergius O. Yakobson, R I P

A refugee from Lenin's Russia, Sergius O. Yakobson found haven in the Weimar Republic, earned a doctorate, and became a scholar of rising distinction. After being forced out by the Nazi regime as a Jew and a devotee of Western civility, Yakobson spent a few uncertain years as an uprooted man of letters in England. Then in World War II he began a career, which lasted until retirement in 1971, as head of the Slavic division in the Library of Congress. The institution's unsurpassed collection of Soviet documents is a monument to his endeavors. Concurrently he served as senior specialist in Soviet affairs for the Legislative Reference Service. His pertinent works, all without his name on the cover or title page, were irreproachable for style and erudition. His notable *Communism in Action*, a comprehensive dissection of Soviet methods and aims, set a Government Printing Office sales record of 300,000 copies. A series of strokes in recent years reduced the physical man. His free spirit strove to persevere but on the night of November 13 gave up the effort.

Wanted

More oil, of course; that's understood.
A leader bored by "being good."
A speech that's ringingly inspired.
A whiff of grape, discreetly fired.
A crumb or two for those who save.
Congratulations for the brave.
But most of all, someone who'll say,
"I'll reconstruct the CIA."

W. H. VON DREELE

It's Never Too Late...

FOR A REALLY THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

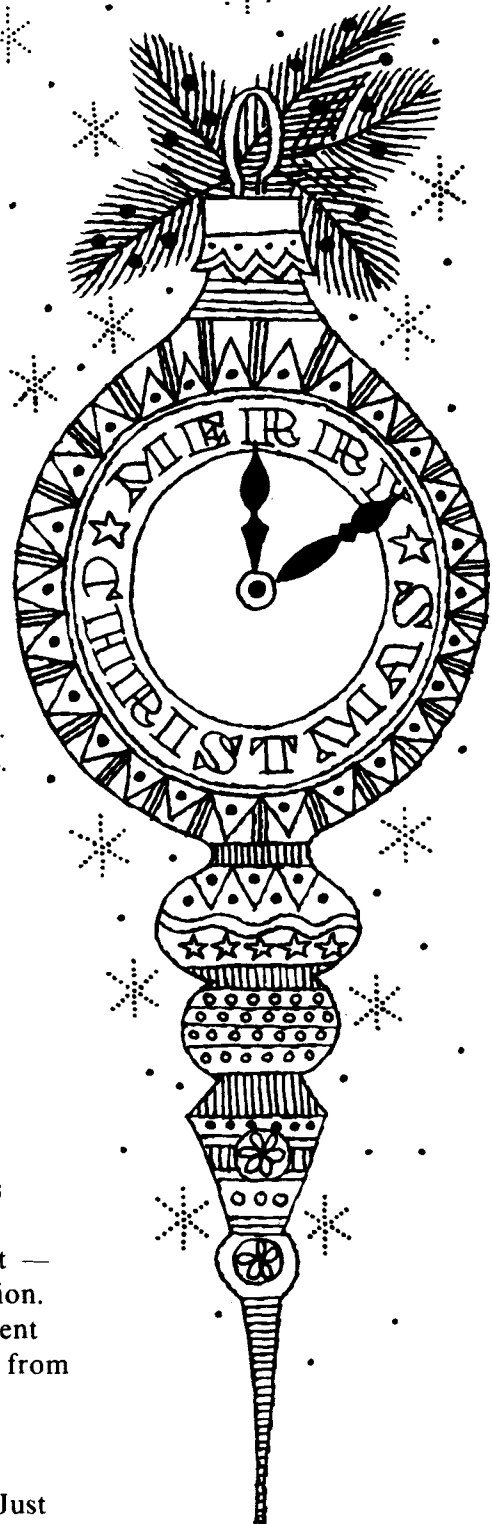
It's getting close to Christmas now but you can *still* give *National Review*, the gift without a time limit. *NR* is *one* present that will be enjoyed throughout the coming year. It's just the thing to take care of those nagging last minute shopping problems and a great idea for the hard-to-please people on your list. Just as soon as we receive the order card (opposite) with your instructions we'll rush a handsome gift announcement to your recipient immediately (*you* indicate how you want it to read).

A subscription to *National Review* has other advantages. It's a thoughtful gift, sure to be appreciated, and ideal for friends and relatives, neighbors, students, your business associates. It's also the best way *we* know to activate the potential conservatives *you* know, people who would get a real kick out of a magazine like *NR*.

And it's all so easy. Simply take a few moments to jot down your instructions and return the card to us. We'll take care of all the details after that and we'll be glad to bill you later if you wish.

And this year's Christmas offer is something new and different — just \$9.95 for each 18-issue (36 week) introductory gift subscription. That's little more than half the single-copy price and your recipient will get *NR*'s unique coverage of the *vital* '80 election campaign from January right up to next November!

Enter as many gift subscriptions as you wish (use your own stationery if the card doesn't have enough space) at this special Christmas gift rate. We'll take care of all the details after that. Just be sure to enclose full payment — we simply can't afford to bill you at this unusually low rate.



George Meany's Legacy

In the 27 years that George Meany was president, first of the AFL and, later, of the merged AFL-CIO, a singular phenomenon developed among American liberals and progressives (hereinafter known as LPs), the Men of the Left: a feeling of contempt, despair, and disgust about American workers, unions, and leaders. Such emotions about workers were shared by intellectuals in European industrial democracies. They all recoiled with horror and frustration at the stubborn unwillingness of workers in North America, France, Britain, and the Mediterranean countries to forgo so-called "bread-and-butter" trade union demands and begin to foment socialist revolutions under Marxist intellectual leadership, and thus create the Land of Beulah.

Such hostility to workers by LPs was inspired more than a century ago when Marx and Engels appointed the Proletariat as mankind's liberator-to-be: as the future "gravediggers of capitalism" under the political direction of Marx, Engels, and their followers. The workers are disappointing them all.

All this seems long ago, when we can see the effects of Marxism-Leninism in Western Europe, where trade union leaders find no problem in mixing with Soviet trade-union gendarmes or Communist trade-union officials. So far as I know, George Meany in all his years as a labor official avoided any contact with totalitarian trade-union leaders, whether from Moscow or the then-Franco Spain.

You would think such a policy would win for Meany the plaudits of the LPs. Not at all. From Lenin to the present day, the Bolsheviks have destroyed free trade unions and tied workers to their machines in the form of industrial feudalism which no worker in any democracy would willingly accept. LPs, many of them non-Communist, have found workers and leaders in industrial democracies a repulsive breed for failing to follow political direction from their intellectual betters. Meany, the AFL-CIO, and the American worker, particularly the hardhat construction worker, became the target of an extraordinary amount of abuse in recent years.

Thus you have the distinguished, now retired, *New York Times* labor journalist A. H. Raskin, a decade ago, describe the American worker as "the most reactionary political force in the country." In 1959 the *Washington Post* castigated Meany for "taking a benighted attitude toward the cultural exchange program" with the Soviet Union.

John Kenneth Galbraith has complained that he has been on Meany's "shitlist" from the moment he began to oppose the Vietnam War. (I suspect Galbraith made that list long before.) Murray Kempton has written that "the

AFL-CIO has lived happily in a society which more lavishly than any in history has managed the care and feeding of incompetent white people." Henry Brandon, the London *Sunday Times* Washington correspondent, attacked American workers for being "too fat and conservative" to support the SDS.

When the Meany era in American labor history is examined, it will be noted—with some delight, I believe—that the first president of the AFL-CIO paid no attention to the disillusion and frustration of the LPs with American labor. Meany understood the reason for LP antipathy toward him and American unions. Under leadership, U.S. labor more and more involved itself in the formulation of American foreign policy so as to ensure its anti-totalitarian direction.

Thus, the AFL backed the Truman Doctrine, opposed Henry Wallace's Progressive Party, supported NATO, supported liberation movements in Eastern Europe as it today supports dissident movements in the Soviet Union. And to its everlasting honor, the AFL exposed the Gulag Archipelago in the late 1940s at the United Nations with a map whose accuracy was later confirmed by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and other victims. The AFL-CIO successfully pressed for U.S. withdrawal from a pro-Soviet International Labor Organization in 1975 despite State Department reluctance to do so.* As for detente, for Meany it was merely a word which changed nothing in the Soviet crusade against democracy.

As Meany steps down, he leaves behind not only an admirable record as an effective anti-totalitarian voice, but a successor, Lane Kirkland, who will continue these anti-Communist policies. Last October, when still secretary of the AFL-CIO, Kirkland was asked whether as the future president of the AFL-CIO he would reconsider the policy of vetoing visits by Soviet Bloc trade-union delegations. He said, succinctly, "I would not."

The anti-Communist policies of the AFL-CIO are, it would seem, imbedded in stone despite changing intellectual fashions of the day—that Communism is softening, liberalizing, thawing, mending. Meany leaves behind a labor movement whose leadership has demonstrated a political sophistication about totalitarianism unmatched by any other labor movement in the Free World. Eurocommunism may be a possibility for Western Europe. That there is no such thing as Americommunism is in large part due to the doughtiest anti-Communist of them all, George Meany.

—ARNOLD BEICHMAN

*In mid-December, with AFL-CIO backing, a Cabinet-level committee will undertake to return to the ILO because there have been major reforms within the ILO structure.

Robert Johnson Needles, RIP

Doc Needles was born in Atlantic, Iowa shortly after the turn of the century, of parents whose blood was mainly English (the Hatfields of the illustrious Hatfield-McCoy feud were among his treasured antecedents) and German (his name was, he said, "corrupted" from Nadel, which one of his waggish correspondents further corrupted, to Doc's delight, into Noodles, or Needless). Sweeping floors in a pharmacy after school, he began to observe some of the paradoxes of human life that continued to inform his judgment throughout his days. With the help of elders who shared his faith in himself he went through college and medical school, served in the military mainly in the upper Amazon during WWII, settled in St. Petersburg with his adored wife, Irene ("She's a Swede," he loved to say: "only a Swede would be stubborn enough to put up with me, God bless her"). rose to the top of the cardiological specialty, published a fine book (*Your Heart and Common Sense*), and counted among his blessings two lovely daughters and among his curses the game of golf. "Golf hates me," he would confide proudly, as if he were on more intimate terms with the game than even Arnie Palmer himself.

Readers of the *Wall Street Journal*, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, and other publications saw scores of letters from Doc Needles published over the years, letters that drew on a lifetime of immersion in a book collection that came to fill his ample house to the rafters. He would read until three in the morning, making notes, filing cards, cross-indexing, hatching elaborate syntheses, writing marvelous letters, nourishing a mind that encompassed comedy, science, and love. To share a laugh with him was to lengthen your life. Perhaps his favorites among the thousands of dead authors who lived in him were Sir Thomas Browne, Edmund Burke, Irving Babbitt, and A. J. Nock.

Among the living, there were few writers for *NATIONAL REVIEW* or *Modern Age* in the last two decades who did

not bunk down in the garage apartment at the Needles homestead when they went a-lecturing to St. Pete, receiving in turn a sermon on the virtues of conservatism, bourbon, and hand-rolled cigarettes.

He retired, in good health, a couple of years ago, having cared for some 17,000 individual heart patients. Six weeks ago he had his own coronary attack ("It's as bad as I said it was," he reported, by phone from his hospital room, two days later). Shortly he was home again. On November 15 he and his wife strolled six blocks ("avoiding the mountains"). Two days later Doc Needles sat down with a book in his lap; and that is how his wife found him, 15 minutes later, having "heard a little noise" in the living room. The memorial service was held on the morning of the 20th and at 4:00 that afternoon the newest grandchild of Dr. and Mrs. Needles was christened. The Honorable Physician would have approved of that confluence with his whole heart. —WFR

Notes

&

Asides

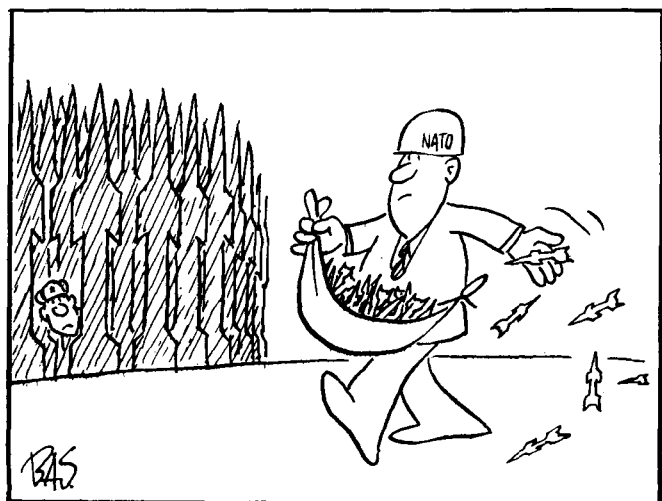
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Enclosed is a letter I wrote & did not know how I could have my views heard, therefore I am going to send the letter to you in hopes that you might print my message to all people.

Yes I am sentenced to die & I remember your view of John Spenkalink "Murder" in the electric chair of Florida.

I robbed a store at approximately 9:05 P.M. September 29, 1977. Within a minute and a half I left the store. Went on foot a block, drove away unseen. Seventeen minutes after the robbery I was parked at a stop sign & a policeman drove up to me, got out & as he walked to my car, I told him to raise his hands. He did, I unbuckled his gun strap, removed his gun & handcuffs. As I tried to handcuff him, he grabbed a gun I was holding & lost the wrestling match. However he pushed me down, ran to his car, I did not mean to harm him so I fired to keep his head down. I walked up to his car ordered him out. He came out holding a canister of Mace gas. After repeatedly asking him to drop it, he did whereas I bent over to pick it up & he push me down a second time. Up till then, I had not even laid a hand on him, he started to run & I saw he was scared so I let him go & fired a couple of shots into the air. Then I shot the motor 8 times & when I heard the compression leave his engine I got back into my car & drove away.

Fifteen minutes away (no pursuit) I took my eyes momentarily off the road to pick up a Road Atlas off



Bas, Tachy dromos

Rothco

the floorboard the wind was blowing, raised up to see headlights on the road of an automobile crossing. I first hit the break, feeling I would not stop in time I pushed the gas pedal to the floor, thinking I might beat the car. I crashed killing a baby. It had nothing to do with murder on the scene of a robbery, nor murder at the encounter of the policeman, yet the D.A. filed first degree murder charges. Naturally I was convicted as murder while in the commission of a felony.

Mr. Buckley, I am a thief & armed robber for 35 years. But I never once fired a shot in the act of an armed robbery. I never killed in cold blood; it was an accident, no premeditation or being chased in hot pursuit, etc. .

I don't have any idea what will happen to me but our society is in lot's of trouble & thats why I wrote the letter. I hope you can do something with it. Thank you.

Alton C. Franks
Death Row 96597
P. O. Box 97
McAlester, Okla.

Dear Mr. Franks: If the facts are as you give them, the probability that you will be executed is less than the probability that you will resume your career as an armed robber. Yours faithfully,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I answered my doorbell last Halloween evening and found two grade-school boys dressed in three-piece suits, carrying briefcases and toy pistols. They told me they were IRS agents. They said that if I didn't fork over a share of the candy, they would take it from me.

Either trick-or-treaters are getting more sophisticated, or the IRS is implementing some new tax legislation that I haven't heard about.

Best wishes,
Scott Ferguson
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Ferguson: Right, you hadn't heard of it. It's a division of Operation Head Start. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION! AS A MATTER OF FACT, RETURN ALL MONIES PAID *NR* SINCE I SUBSCRIBED! CALL OUT THE MARINES! DEPLOY THE NEUTRON BOMB!

I waited patiently for Nika Hazelton's contest results and I wasn't even among the also-rans! The booby prize was awarded to someone who had obviously given the answers some thought, as laconic as they might have been. My answers were much dumber, as many of my friends would attest—they always are ready to back me up—and if the contest had been fair I should have gotten that prize.

I'll never read your mag again.

Wait'll next year, Nika.

Affectionately,
G. P. Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

■ Dear Bill:

I had to smile over the enclosed.

Best,
Neil [McCaffrey]
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Enclosure (from *Commonweal*, "The Case of Alger Hiss" by Peter Steinfels, May 1979, p. 326): "Look at it this way. All the political journals are fighting for a shrinking readership. Mr. Navasky (editor of *The Nation*, who attacked Allen Weinstein's book *Perjury*), a smart man, has decided that *The Nation* could win over *New Republic* readers who are restless with *The New Republic's* effort to win over *Commentary* readers who are restless with *Commentary's* efforts to win over *NATIONAL REVIEW* readers who, thanks to liberal permissiveness and McGuffey's textbooks, are the only growing source of literates."
—WFB



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young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects, puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The pages are attractively and colorfully illustrated; the type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of the child's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS appeals to a wide age range: from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. HIGHLIGHTS helps children develop positive habits that will benefit them as long as they live. All children really want to learn, and HIGHLIGHTS can help. Its fun-with-a-

purpose concept helps children experience success — at home, in school.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands, but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

It is sent addressed in the child's name, something all the child's own in a world where so much seems to be decided by adults. Where there are several children in the family, a single subscription may be shared in several names.

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This year give the gift that won't be forgotten: give HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN.
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CHINA LURES and fascinates strategists and businessmen alike: the strategists because of its vastness, proximity to the eastern reaches of the Soviet empire, and hostility to the declared enemy of our way of life; the businessmen because of all those *people*. Give or take the odd hundred million, a *billion* potential consumers. The good capitalist drools at the mouth and weakens at the knees.

Let us look at both halves of the fascination.

We might start with the concept of China as a market. Not long ago, with Mao Tse-tung safely in his grave, it was fascinating to watch Deng Xiaoping (the new Pinyin system of transliteration, by the way, was essentially designed to make it easy for Russians to learn Mandarin before the marriage came unstuck) in action. During his periods of disgrace, the resilient Deng was officially branded a "capitalist-roader" (than which no insult is more vile in People's China). And there he was, back in office as Vice Premier, restoring confiscated fortunes to expropriated expropriators, looking outward to the West, to Japan, with all that talk of modernizing.

Destination Capitalism?

I swear my heart missed a beat. Could it be that the tiny "capitalist-roader" really was just that? Could it be that he really was leading the world's ultimate totalist polity, well, on the road to capitalism? Besides, there was the exceptional tolerance of those foolhardy enough to post their protests on Democracy Wall.

And now, what? Some human-rightsers have lost their human rights, but the timid moves away from total collectivism continue, however feebly. In Canton, especially, Chinese factories are carrying out sub-contracts for Chinese capitalists from neighboring Hong Kong.

Frankly, I am relieved that the pace is so slow. The thought of a billion industrious Chinese, with incentives to spur them into emulation of other industrious Chinese in Hong Kong, Singa-

pore, and Taiwan, and of industrious Japanese and Koreans, is appalling. The pressure on shrinking resources, to cite just one example, is beyond contemplation.

How much easier for the rest of us if China's GNP per capita should remain at its present level of about 0.04 per cent that of the United States, and its foreign trade less than that of Taiwan, when it has about 56 times the population. In other words, and fortunately for us all if not for the Chinese people, the "capitalism" at the end of the road is still pretty much of a mirage.

The strategic temptation is of a different order. There are those who argue that since America at present lacks will and leadership, and its forces lack credibility, it would be strategically cheap at the price to supply China with ground and air weapons and even weapons systems. The argument is not without force.

So great is the Soviet margin of technological superiority over China that the Soviets can afford to guard their interminable eastern frontier by deploying only a quarter of the divisional strength of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. If China were made technologically competitive with the Soviet Union, the Soviets would need to quadruple their Far Eastern forces, and to do this, they would have to withdraw their forces from other areas, especially Europe, and doubtless ease the pressure in the Middle East and Africa. For a fraction of what it would cost the U.S. to break out of the (generous) confines of SALT II, enhanced security would ensue.

At this point in the argument, a nagging thought invariably obtrudes. That thought bears the name of P'eng Teh-huai. As China watchers well remember, Marshal P'eng was Mao's Defense Minister until the Chairman removed him in 1959 for, among other things, opposing the developing split between the two Communist giants.

If P'eng is still alive—and no report of his death has reached the outside world—he is 79, which, even in a gerontocracy, is not exactly young. The point, however, is that he was un-

doubtedly not alone in holding that Mao was a trifle irrational in insisting on flouting a time-honored principle in China's long history: that it is best to avoid having enemies to the east as well as to the west. In his day, he was right, although Nixon and Kissinger reduced the enmity to the east, thereby enabling Mao and his successors to defy the Russian bear with much greater self-confidence.

To be sure, it is tempting to take full advantage of the split in the ominous alliance of the Communist giants. For some years, Chinese diplomats have been untiringly active in calling for a strengthening of the Atlantic Alliance, and even for the cause of European unity. Can these be the people, can this be the regime, that gave Truman, Dulles, and their successors nightmares in the Fifties and Sixties?

Trouble with Ideology

One must not discount the temptation; but one must point out that the basis of a military tie-up between the U.S. and China, or the West as a whole and China, is essentially fragile. The trouble with ideology is that it can change overnight, at the whim of a party boss.

Although Mao and his comrades found their own path to power, which owed little to Marxist principles, in one respect they remained unyieldingly Leninist, at least until the first Nixon visit to Peking in February 1972. Even now, they are Leninist enough to maintain radio stations that beam hostile programs at Thailand, Burma, and Malaysia. And it is only yesterday that the late Chou En-lai, for all his "moderate" image, was declaring the African continent "ripe for revolution."

Does all this belong to the past? Is it buried? Or is some crony of P'eng Teh-huai going to emerge, declare war on friendship with the "imperialists," and link up with Moscow all over again? Unless such questions can be answered with conviction and in the right sense, any weapons provided for People's China will be hostages to ideological fortune. □

Conservatism and the South

WILLIAM MURCHISON

WAY DOWN YONDER in New Orleans, the storied Mississippi sweeps grandly past the Hilton hotel, on whose summit disco dancers jerk and twitch. So it has ever been in New Orleans—the old and the new, the timeless and the trendy, cohabiting on the breeziest of terms. What better place for the Philadelphia Society to cross its legs, pucker its brow, and meditate on the changed and changeless South?

"The South and American Conservatism" was the topic the Philadelphians had chosen to ponder at their Southern regional meeting. Yankees were cordially invited, and in fact a goodly representation turned up—largely to listen, however, not to expound: to be instructed in the means by which Progress, or at least its vilest consequences, has been fenced off at the Potomac River.

There was, to be sure, some gentlemanly difference of opinion as to how conservative the South had a right to label itself. James Jackson Kilpatrick called his beloved region "quintessentially conservative." Not so, declared Professor Forrest McDonald, the Alabama University historian: the South is reactionary, populist, or lethargic; but not conservative.

On the other hand, no one seriously questioned the South's continuing commitment to certain ideals and traditions. For example, the Southerner still likes his ceremony and ritual in large doses. Which, as Kilpatrick would have it, is part of Jimmy Carter's problem in his own, native region. Under Carter, said Kilpatrick, the presidential anthem has become "Hi to the Chief," and the whole tone of the Presidency has gotten "lower, more common, less dignified."

Good Celts that they are (in McDonald's formulation) Southerners haven't

lost their love of leisure and of the easy-going graces popular among the peoples from whom they spring—the Scots, the Welsh, the Cornish, and so on. Increasingly, McDonald asserted, the cost of smokestacks and finance capitalism looks excessively steep to Southerners. Not taking things too seriously is their style; theirs is the genial tradition of "open-range pastoralism." With the appurtenances of industrial civilization they feel at best uncomfortable.

To be sure, the agrarian tradition *per se* is on the wane. When the "Twelve Southerners" (Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, Andrew Lytle, et al.) wrote *I'll Take My Stand* in 1930, there was some hope that industrialization might be fended off and an agrarian civilization reconstituted below Mason-Dixon. That hope has gone glimmering. "We were better prophets than we knew," Lytle confessed to the Philadelphians. The Yankeeification of the South has gone forward almost unabated. The peculiarly Southern sense of place and community, founded on identification with the land, is not what it was. "Nobody," said Lytle, "could imagine that the world we were born in, lived in, would disappear." Even as Lytle spoke, a bull-voiced "motivation expert" could be heard next door, attempting to fire up a conclave of bottled-water distributors: a mocking counterpoint for the tale of a gentle culture gone with the wind.

Still, Lytle knew one thing—that Christianity was in essence what agrar-

ianism was about, and that Christianity has survived. "We are still assured," he said, "that the gates of Hell will finally not prevail."

Southern religion was a theme to which other speakers repeatedly harked back. Kilpatrick, first of all, telling of a drive through the lower South in a rental car, the radio tuned to stations where indefatigable exhorters contend for your soul and a \$5 contribution.

Cleanth Brooks, the distinguished critic, devoted a whole address to "Religion in the South," arguing that "though the South has been touched by modernism, it remains in religion the most conservative part of the United States." New England might feed on millennial hopes, and with it most of America. But the South kept, and still keeps, utopianism firmly at bay, indicating the presence there of a "residual Christian orthodoxy."

NOT THAT Brooks was sanguine. "Southerners have tried too long to live on their religious instincts alone." The questions of "salvation and blessedness need sharper definition"; the implications of Original Sin want more study. Nor is the South immune to the disease of Progress—of "too much fast food and fast education." The South is, all the same, fortunate: it has "at least a foundation on which to rebuild."

Not the weakest part of that foundation, as Marion Montgomery, the novelist and teacher, would have it, is the region's understanding of evil, and of the nature of fallen man—an understanding reflected again and again in Southern literature. Writers like Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor see straight to the heart of mankind. Evil as "random chaos or something mechanistic"? The Southern writer knows better. He knows, among other things, that "there is a little bit of Cain in us all," as Thomas Landess of the University of Dallas expressed it in responding to Montgomery's remarks. It may be, said Landess, that the individual writer's religious vision is imperfect, as is the case with Faulkner. All Southern writers, even so, are bound together by "an orthodoxy of the blood." For them, no games of hide-and-seek with human nature. They "tell all, because, with their familial consciousness, they know all."

(Continues on page 1583)

Mr. Murchison is on the editorial staff of the Dallas Morning News.



What Ever Happened to the **TAX** Revolt?

BRUCE BARTLETT

NINETEEN SEVENTY-EIGHT was the year of the tax revolt. In June, California's Proposition 13, which slashed property taxes across the board, passed overwhelmingly. Meanwhile, the Kemp-Roth bill to cut federal income-tax rates by a third gained national publicity and became the official program of the Republican Party, while a revised version of the bill, offered by Senator Nunn, almost became law, with the Senate passing it in October.

With all this behind them and a mandate in the November elections, the proponents of radical tax reduction fully expected to take up this year where they had left off in 1978. Yet it now appears that the tax revolt has lost most of its steam. Howard Jarvis seems to have more or less drifted off into oblivion after parting ways with Paul Gann. Jack Kemp and Bill Roth are still pushing for income-tax-rate reduction, and they have now added indexing and spending-limitation sections to their bill. But the excitement has clearly gone out of their effort, and one rarely hears reference to Kemp-Roth anymore, even within the Congress. What has happened?

The answer, I think, can be found in a dialectical view of the political process. The dialectic envisions the political process evolving through these stages: the establishment of a thesis, which gives rise to an antithesis, which ultimately results in a synthesis. This synthesis becomes the new thesis, and the process starts all over again. What has happened to the tax-cutters fits perfectly into this pattern.

The thesis and antithesis of our political system are embodied in the philosophies of the two major political parties. For most of this century the Democrats have won the elections, so it is they who have spelled out the dominant thesis of our political system as ever-increasing government spending. As the *Wall Street Journal* recently put it: "For almost a half-century the party has used federal spending as its dry martini, its Scotch on the rocks; ever-increasing spending has enabled the party to woo diverse interest groups and cement them into a political alliance."

Thanks to the economics of Lord Keynes, the Democrats

could buy votes with an absolutely clear conscience, in the genuine belief that deficits were good for the economy. This allowed them to, in effect, promise the people something-for-nothing. They could have all the new government programs they wanted and it wouldn't cost a dime, because they were paid for with deficits rather than taxes.

This Keynesian spend-your-way-to-prosperity philosophy was itself a synthesis which grew out of the political contradiction that developed as a result of the Great Depression. Up until the Depression, the dominant thesis in the American political system was laissez-faire economics. This didn't mean that the government stayed entirely out of the economy—merely that when there was doubt about what the government should do, it tended to do nothing. When the Depression hit, therefore, and there was no clear-cut way to respond to it, the government did nothing (or at least gave the appearance of doing nothing). This gave rise to the antithesis of laissez-faire, which is socialism.

IN THE 1932 election, when the Socialist Party received almost a million votes—as much as 6 per cent of Herbert Hoover's total—the specter of socialism as a threat to the established order was driven home forcefully. Roosevelt, it can now be seen, was at heart a conservative, in the sense that he opposed socialism and radical change. If you don't believe it, just re-read some of his 1932 campaign speeches or the 1932 platform of the Democratic Party. He understood, perhaps more clearly than it is possible to do today, that socialism represented a genuine threat to the system. His response was to move away from laissez-faire toward a more activist role for government in the economy. Roosevelt understood that unless government was able to

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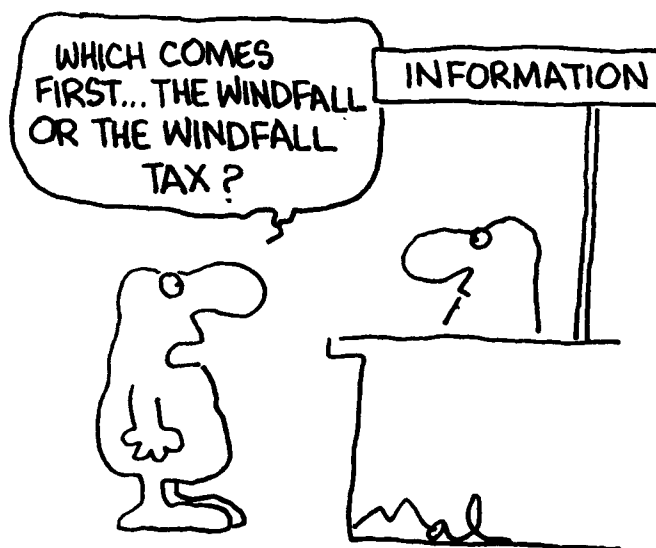
deal with the Depression (or at least give the appearance of doing so), socialism might triumph. Although his policies were unsuccessful in ending the Depression—the economy was worse off in 1937 than it was in 1932—Roosevelt was totally successful in conveying the view that government could deal with the situation within the context of capitalist democracy. The socialists were destroyed.

Thus we can see that what happened fits perfectly into dialectical terms: the thesis was laissez-faire, the antithesis was socialism, and the synthesis was New Deal liberalism. The New Deal has been the political model for the Democratic Party—and, indeed, the nation—ever since.

NEW DEAL liberalism, though dominant thus far, has not been without its antithesis, of course. Up until recently, however, the antithesis has not been strong enough to lead to a new synthesis that is significantly different from the dominant thesis. Increased government spending and deficits are the principal features of New Deal liberalism; the antithesis to this was the balanced budget. As one can readily see, if the thesis is that big deficits are good, and the antithesis is that we should balance the budget, then it follows that the synthesis will be somewhat smaller deficits, but deficits nonetheless. And this is precisely what has gone on for thirty years: the Democrats push for spending, the Republicans try to balance the budget, and we end up with more and more spending—though at a lower rate than if we had no antithesis.

In the context of the political situation just described, the truly remarkable thing is that the Republican Party has survived at all. When the Democrats were promising something-for-nothing and the Republicans were proposing austerity, is it any wonder that the Democrats triumphed so regularly—especially when the Republicans' dire predictions about the destruction of our economy if deficit spending continued were never fulfilled?

A balanced budget was not always the cornerstone of the Republican philosophy. Indeed, the few times since World War I when the Republican Party has gained control of Congress, it has done so by running against this philosophy.



In its electoral victories following World War I and World War II, the dominant theme of the Republican Party was not a balanced budget but across-the-board tax reduction.

In the 1920s the Republicans totally dominated all levels of government, as they slashed tax rates year after year. Had they continued, they might have stayed in power, but Herbert Hoover destroyed them when he raised tax rates significantly, in the belief that a balanced budget would pull the nation out of the Depression. As we know now, Hoover's actions, which doubled and even tripled most tax rates, only exacerbated the economic problem, and the Republicans were thrown out of office, as they justly deserved.

Although nearly extinguished by the Democrats during the 1930s, the Republican Party came back strong after the Second World War with tax reduction once again its major theme. The Republicans won control of Congress in 1946, and the first bill introduced, HR-1, was a bill to slash

The GOP lost control of Congress in the 1948 elections but regained control in 1952. Once again the first bill introduced was for a major tax cut, only there was a new obstacle: President Eisenhower

tax rates across the board. It passed both Houses easily but was vetoed by President Truman as inflationary. The Republicans failed by two votes in the House to override the veto. A second tax-cut bill, introduced immediately afterward, also passed the House and Senate and was also vetoed by Truman. This time the House voted to override the veto, but it was sustained in the Senate. It was not until the following year, 1948, that a watered-down version of the original tax-cut bill was passed over a third Truman veto.

The Republicans lost control of Congress in the 1948 elections but regained control in 1952. Once again the first bill introduced was for a major tax cut, only this time there was a new obstacle: President Eisenhower, a Republican.

The tax-cut bill was reported out by the House Ways and Means Committee on February 17, 1953. That same day President Eisenhower told a press conference that he was opposed to any reduction in taxes until the budget was balanced:

In spite of some things that I have seen in the papers over the past eight or nine months, I personally have never promised a reduction in taxes. Never.

What I have said is, reduction of taxes is a very necessary objective of government—that if our form of economy is to endure, we must not forget private incentives and initiative and the production that comes from it. Therefore, the objective of tax reduction is an absolutely essential one, and must be attained in its proper order.

But I believe . . . that until the deficit is eliminated from our budget, there is no hope of keeping our money stable. . . . So whether we are ready to face the job this minute or any other time, the fact is that there must be balanced budgets before we are again on a safe and sound system in our economy. That means, to my mind, that we cannot afford to reduce taxes, reduce income, until we have in sight a program of expenditures that shows that the factors of income and of outgo will be balanced. Now that is just to my mind sheer necessity.

Thus, Eisenhower not only opposed the bill to reduce taxes and put pressure on the House leadership to avoid a vote on the bill; he also asked for an extension of the excess-profits tax—one of the most hated taxes in American history—which was due to expire. During debate on this bill, Representative Mason of Illinois predicted that extension of the excess-profits tax would cost the Republicans forty “border-line” seats in the 1954 elections. The extension bill passed, and in the 1954 elections the Republicans lost 18 seats, control of the House, and control of the Senate as well.

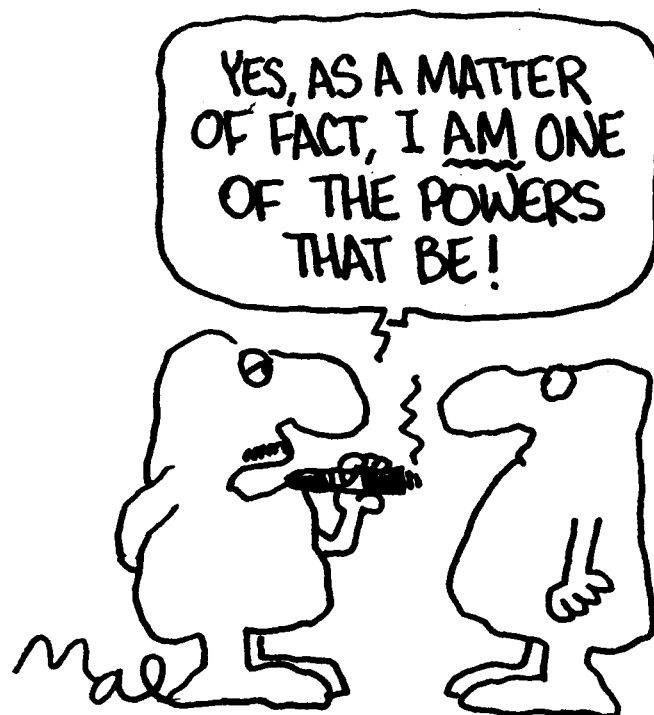
Since Eisenhower’s time, Republicans in general have been wedded to the balanced-budget philosophy. They even opposed the Kennedy tax cut of 1963-64 on the grounds that it would increase the deficit (actually, it increased tax revenues by expanding the tax base, just as the Republican tax cuts of the 1920s had done). Predictably, Republicans have also been the minority party in Congress since 1954.

The Republican attitude would be admirable if it were based on sound economic principles. Unfortunately, it is

It cannot even be argued that deficits cause inflation. Inflation is a purely monetary phenomenon. If the Fed insists on pumping up the money supply, there is going to be inflation

not, because deficits per se are not harmful to the economy. The things that count are the aggregate level of spending, the amount and form of taxation, and the quantity of money. Deficits in and of themselves are not important. As Professor Milton Friedman argues:

There is an important point that needs to be stressed to those who regard themselves as fiscal conservatives. By concentrating on the wrong thing, the deficit, instead of the right thing, total government spending, fiscal conservatives have been the unwitting handmaidens of the big spenders. The typical historical process is that the spenders put through laws which increase government spending. A deficit emerges. The fiscal conservatives scratch their heads and say, “My God, that’s terrible; we have got to do something about that deficit.” So they cooperate with the big spenders in getting taxes imposed. As soon as the new taxes are imposed . . . the big spenders are off again, and then there is an-



other burst in government spending and another deficit. . . . I would far rather have total spending at \$200 billion with a deficit of \$100 billion than a balanced budget at \$500 billion.

Furthermore, it cannot even be argued that deficits cause inflation. Inflation is purely a monetary phenomenon. If the Federal Reserve insists on pumping up the money supply, there is going to be inflation regardless of whether the budget is balanced or not. Although the Fed does so, it is not required to purchase the Treasury’s bonds thereby monetizing the debt. If the Treasury covered the deficit by selling all of its bonds to the general public, it would merely draw down private savings by that amount and drive up the interest rate. Crowding out private investors from the market is certainly not a desirable thing, but it is not the cause of inflation. Without an increase in the quantity of money there cannot be any increase in the general price level.

Although Congress has not explicitly raised income taxes since the Vietnam War surtax, it has acquiesced in an implicit tax increase caused by inflation. Inflation increases income-tax revenues faster than the rate of inflation because of the progressive nature of income-tax rates. The individual’s income tax increases roughly 1.55 per cent for every 1 per cent increase in the consumer price index. Although Congress has periodically cut taxes, tax rates are left intact, meaning that tax revenues continue to increase. The most serious side-effect of this is that marginal tax rates (the tax on each additional dollar earned) have increased dramatically since 1965. The higher the marginal tax rate, the lower the trade-off between work and leisure, savings and consumption. The ultimate cost to the economy of even a small increase in average marginal tax rates can be enormous, as shown by the work of Arnold Harberger at the University of Chicago, Michael Boskin at Stanford, and others.

This enormous increase in taxes since the last major tax-rate reduction in 1965 set the stage for a new dialectic, which we are now witnessing.

In 1978 there was a revolution in the congressional branch of the Republican Party. For a variety of historical reasons, including an almost complete turnover in membership since 1974, it was ready for something new. In this case it turned out to be something old: a return to the tax-cutting tradition of earlier Republican Congresses. Led by proponents of the Kemp-Roth bill and its later variations, of the Steiger amendment to slash capital-gains taxes, and of Proposition 13, the Republicans established a new antithesis to the dominant thesis of New Deal liberalism.

Note what has happened: when the thesis of more government spending was confronted with the old antithesis of

The last thing the Democrats want is for Jimmy Carter or Ted Kennedy to force upon them a spending issue that is critical to their constituency, like national health insurance

a balanced budget, the synthesis was government spending at a reduced rate. When the New Deal liberal thesis came up against an antithesis which said, "Forget the deficit, just cut taxes," the synthesis became the balanced budget.

Thus we now see almost everybody talking about balancing the budget—especially Democrats. They are falling all over themselves in the 96th Congress in their haste to pass balanced-budget amendments, and they are using the cry of "Balance the budget!" quite effectively against the tax-cutters. Although the big spenders have been reduced to a relatively small minority in the House and Senate, so, unfortunately, have the tax-cutters. Therefore, we are unlikely to see either a significant increase in spending in this Congress, or tax reduction. The 96th Congress may end up being the most do-nothing Congress since the 1950s.

There is no question that the Democrats are scared. The possibility that the Republicans could take control of the Senate in 1980 is very real. There is no question that, at the least, the Republicans will make significant gains. The critical numbers are these: 23 Democrats running for re-election, as against seven Republicans. The last thing the Democrats want is for Jimmy Carter or Ted Kennedy to force upon them a spending issue that is critical to their constituency, like national health insurance.

Meanwhile, the Republicans, flushed over the vindication, as they see it, of their traditional balanced-budget position, have almost totally missed the true significance of what has happened and why. If they drop tax reduction as their major theme and fall back on their old balanced-budget position, Republicans will be right back where they

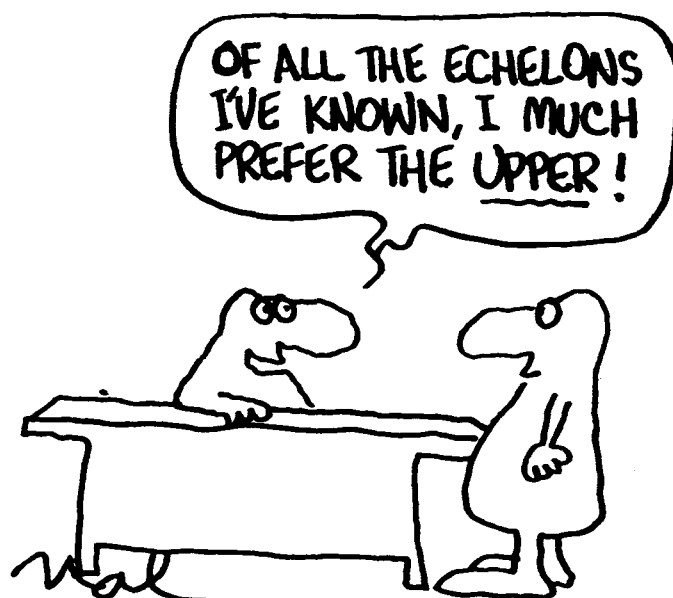
were before. Only by keeping up the pressure for across-the-board tax reduction can they hope to establish the balanced budget as a permanent thesis, rather than a transitory synthesis.

THERE IS not much danger that the Democrats can react to the Republican initiatives by co-opting the balanced-budget position, because spending is so critical to their constituency. As Congressman Tom Foley, chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, recently told the *Wall Street Journal*: "Tight budgets strain all the natural fault lines of the Democratic Party. The pressures will intensify as we approach the presidential election year and each group starts pressing its claims. You can see it happening already. Holding this team of wild horses together is a job for the most skilled congressional coachman."

A few weeks ago I had a discussion with some men who are interested in repealing an especially onerous portion of the estate-tax section of the 1976 Tax Reform Act. They wanted to form a committee to repeal this provision, known as carryover basis. I told them that the best way to achieve their goal was instead to start a committee to repeal the estate tax. After all, I said, all estate and gift taxes taken together only raise about \$5 billion—about 1 per cent of tax revenues. If they start making the case—which is a strong one—for abolishing the estate tax, repeal of carryover basis will seem like a reasonable compromise.

The point is that it is much easier to get what you want in politics by asking for more than you want, just like the bureaucrat who always asks for 10 per cent more in his budget than he really needs on the assumption that it will be cut 10 per cent.

It wasn't until radical tax reduction was established as a viable alternative to government spending that the balanced-budget movement took off. If we want to keep the Democrats moving rightward, we must redouble the pressure for tax reduction. □



Peking Spring

LENNART FRANTZELL

IN THE LATE evening of November 27, 1978, a crowd of three or four thousand people could be seen parading across Peking's Tianan Men Square. Only when one came quite near to them did one see that these were not the usual well-disciplined marchers with flags in one hand and crib sheets in the other. This was a noisy, disorganized crowd, pushing unsteadily forward. The slogans that echoed in the square did not carry the usual mechanical sound. They were vibrant, ardent, revolutionary: Long Live Freedom! Long Live Democracy! Long Live Human Rights!

November 27. It was bitterly cold, but few appeared to notice. For the first time in 29 years the voice of the people could be heard on Tianan Men Square. It was the third day of the Peking Spring.

Over the course of three decades, countless millions had marched across the square, as a stocky, balding man stood immobile on a platform, watching. They had clasped the little red book of homespun homilies he had written, and mouthed the slogans written on their crib sheets. Once, during the Cultural Revolution, hundreds of thousands of high-school students had been packed into the square, to wait for hours for him to appear. Without food or water, many had collapsed, and the square had stunk of urine. Then a jeep carrying an old flabby man in a wrinkled army coat had appeared, sped across the square, and disappeared.

By November 1978, that old man had been dead for over two years. The new ruler of China, Deng Xiaoping, was moving with lightning speed to outmaneuver his political opponents and to modernize China. During the preceding year, he had steadily chipped away at the power base of his rivals. Then, with the full Central Committee meeting in Peking, Deng stepped up the pressure by launching a wall-poster campaign.

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Almost overnight, posters demanding freedom, democracy, and human rights were sprouting on "Democracy Wall" at the corner of Changan Avenue and Xidan Street. America, the Taiwan economy, and Deng Xiaoping were praised, and Mao openly criticized, as people threw caution to the winds and talked openly with each other and with foreign correspondents. The first march from Xidan Street to Tianan Men Square took place on November 25; it was repeated on the next day, and the next. The throng grew to three thousand, to four thousand, and finally, on November 28, to ten thousand, marching down the middle of Changan Avenue, chanting "Long Live Freedom! Long Live Democracy!" In the last few days of November 1978, Peking was on the threshold of a popular revolution.

ON NOVEMBER 29, Deng realized that he must act and act quickly. Orders were hastily given to put a stop to all demonstrations and wall posters attacking the government, and that night the demonstration was markedly smaller. By the next day it had dwindled to a few hundred. The Peking Spring was over. It had lasted less than a week.

The civil-rights movement, however, survived. January 1979 saw the appearance of several underground journals. *The New Beijing Spring*, *The Society of Enlightenment*, *The April 5 Platform*, *The Current*, *Reference News for the Masses* (which distributed twenty thousand copies), and the most influential, *Tansuo* (*Explorations*), edited by 29-year-old Wei Jingsheng. Peasants went on hunger strike outside the Communist leaders' compound at Zhongnanhai, waiting for someone to hear their grievances. No one did, and eight died. On January 29, five hundred people from six groups belonging to the democratic movement rallied in Peking.

The movement also spread to the provinces. Throughout the winter and spring there were demonstrations, and often violent clashes with the police, in

Shanghai, Canton, Hangzhou, Nanjing, Chongqing, and other places.

There were two reasons why the movement survived into the spring. It was much more deeply rooted than Deng had at first thought. Then too, in January, February, and March, Deng had other concerns. He visited the United States from January 28 to February 5, and launched the Chinese invasion of Vietnam on February 17. The last Chinese troops were withdrawn on March 15. On the very next day, after an uncompromising speech in the Great Hall of the People, Deng unleashed a campaign of repression against "counter-revolutionaries." Wei Jingsheng; Ren Wanding, founder of the Chinese Human Rights Alliance; Yang Guang, one of Wei's closest associates; Xia Xunjian, publisher of an underground paper; and countless others were rounded up.

By the end of May, Deng had effectively silenced the movement. But, as has been proven in the Soviet Union, it is extremely difficult to stamp out a civil-rights movement once it has taken root. After a brief pause it surfaced again. Protests and wall posters appeared anew. In August, hundreds of the unemployed gathered in Peking to demand work, and on September 13, several thousand demonstrators again rallied in Tianan Men Square.

Who, then, are the activists, and what do they want? Unlike their East European brothers, they are not intellectuals, but mostly workers, often with a high-school-level education. Their program has two parts. In the short run they are campaigning for a redress of the grievances of millions of Chinese who have been persecuted in myriad ways by the authorities. A wider aim, however, is to gain a voice for the people in determining the future of China. This has been made all the more urgent by the disclosure in May that China has twenty million unemployed and one hundred million without enough to eat. Throughout the winter and spring of 1979, Wei kept hammering the point home again and again in his *Tansuo* articles: Only if the Chinese people are given basic human and democratic rights can China hope to catch up with the West. Mr. Deng's reply has been clear and unequivocal. On October 16, in complete disregard of the recently instituted legal system, he had Wei Jingsheng sentenced to 15 years in jail for "selling military secrets" to foreigners. □

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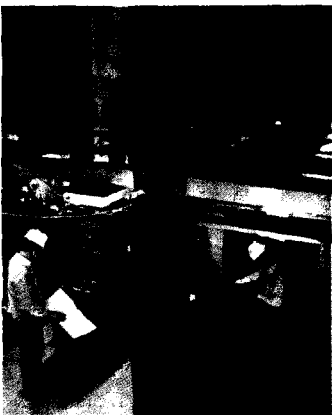
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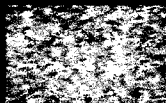
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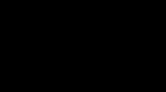
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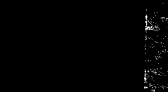
Mocha



Espresso



Black



White

Dark Gray

Light Gray

Medium Gray

Dark Gray

Dark Gray

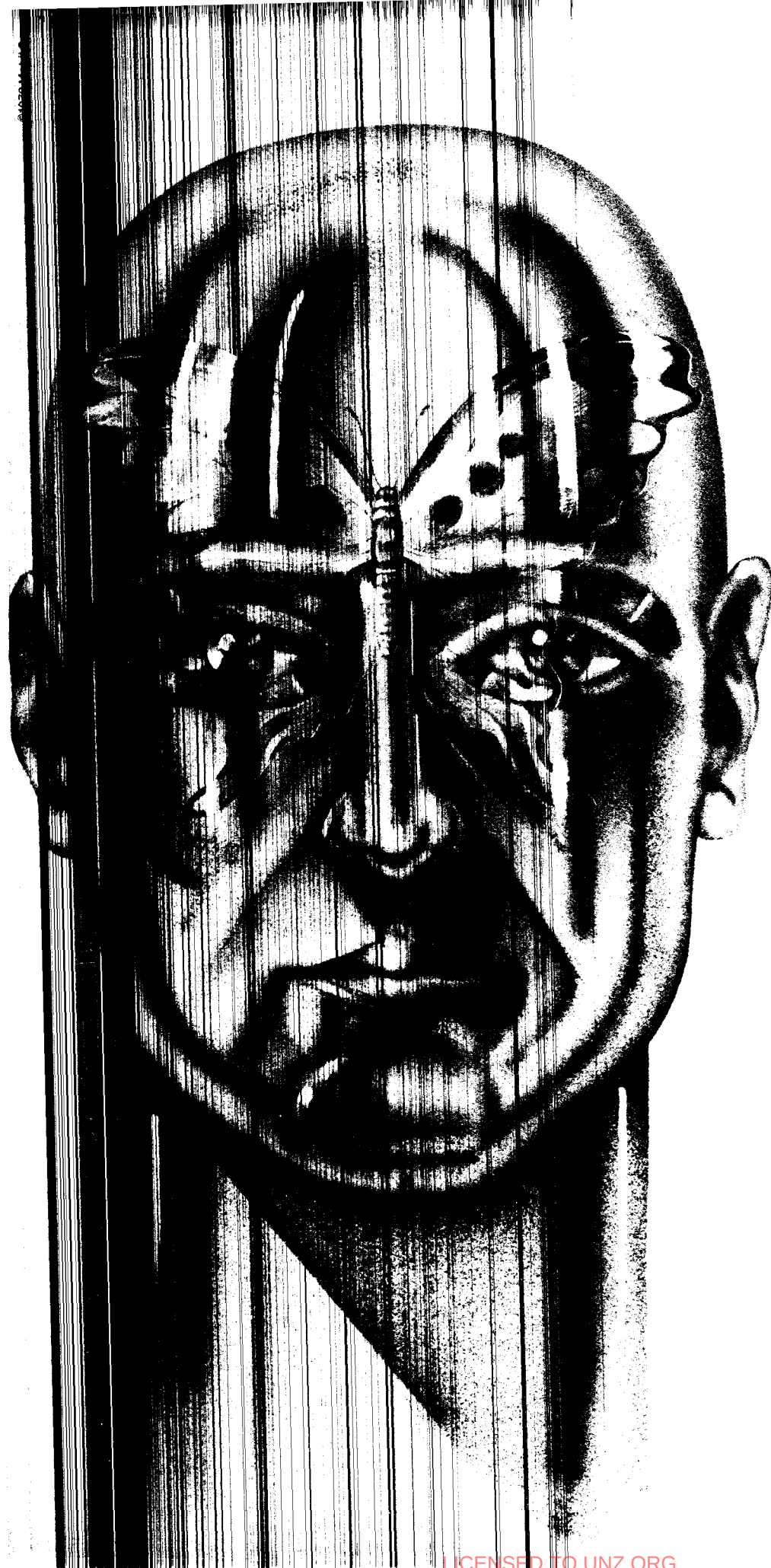
Light Gray

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SEX EDUCATION REVISITED

Children learn the "four philosophies of masturbation" and all about "rational love" and how to surmount the romantic impulse. What they don't learn, however, is how sex education is like driver's education

Birds, Bees, and Bathroom Tours

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

SOME YEARS AGO I wrote an article on "sex education" [NR, Sept. 23, 1969]. I pointed out *inter alia* that:

1. There is no more reason to devote a special course to sex than to digestion; digestion actually is more important for health, comfort, and happiness.

2. It is impossible to teach sex education without at least implying opinions on the morality of sexual activities, or restraints, in various circumstances. There is no agreement on either, and no scientific (non-moral) basis for such opinions; yet the attempt to omit moral evaluations tends to create the impression that sexual activity is, or should be, independent of moral values and restraints. That impression should not be intended; it rests on an unsupportable value judgment.

3. There is no evidence that the information offered in the classroom is necessary; or that it is any better than what the student easily picks up outside. Outside information and experience are more individualized and more likely to involve each student according to his eagerness or "readiness." The classroom treats all alike.

4. Contrary to the claims frequently made for it, there is no evidence whatsoever that sex education reduces illegitimate childbirth, venereal disease, psychological disorders, or even anxieties (which are thought to be the effects of ignorance but more likely are the cause of it). In fact, there is no evidence that sex education teaches anything young people do not know or cannot learn as well by themselves. (This is where it differs from arithmetic—and why sex education is more popular.)

5. There is no evidence that persons in possession of all the sexual informa-



tion available—psychologists, physicians, sex educators—lead happier sex lives on the average than others. It is unlikely too that sexual techniques make much difference. Marital happiness depends largely on emotional relations; physical relations are a dependent variable, an effect more than a cause. So are the techniques used for physical relations, which are easily discovered without classroom instruction. The apprenticeship system works, though teachers hate to admit it.

My 1969 article did not stress enough that teachers like to teach subjects without an established body of knowledge—since nobody can fault them for not knowing what is not known or knowable. And it is easier to teach things students are likely to be interested in—since their interest does not have to be stimulated. Arithmetic will be more useful to the student than sex education. But there are things to be *learned* in arithmetic, not just "opinions and self-expression." Hence sex education is more popular and will win every time—at the expense of arithmetic and similar subjects. Time and resources are limit-

ed. Our students are taught more and more to learn less and less.

What they are taught about sex is often wrong, even if easy, and all too readily accepted: that sex is but self-satisfaction, a masturbatory stimulation of sensations. Sex education tends to freeze children and adolescents in their immaturity, to retard their social development (as much of our schooling does).

Little did I know when I thought sex education was merely a bad idea. It has turned out to be a disaster. I have just read Jacqueline Kasun's "Turning Children into Sex Experts" (*The Public Interest*, Spring 1979). Professor Kasun actually has investigated what goes on in sex education classes, whereas my own concordant views were based (as they usually are) on simple logic. What Professor Kasun found exceeds my most pessimistic expectations. Let me present some of her findings in her own words and in the words of the documents she quotes.

Name That Part

Sex education starts in kindergarten. "The [John] Burt and [Linda] Meeks kindergarten-through-12th-grade model curriculum [*Education for Sexuality*] begins with a mixed-group 'bathroom tour' in the first grade, accompanied by the naming and explanation of the male and female genital parts. Children receive detailed instruction in male and female genital anatomy and human sexual intercourse in the fourth grade."

Curriculum guides for the seventh

Mr. van den Haag is a lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research.

and eighth grades in California (can the nation be far behind?) specify: "The student will develop an understanding of masturbation," will view films on masturbation, will "learn the four philosophies of masturbation—traditional, religious, neutral, radical—by participating in a class debate," and will demonstrate his understanding by a "pre-test" and a "post-test" on the subject.

A Planned Parenthood pamphlet, "The Perils of Puberty," recommended for high-school use, says: "Sex is too important to glop up with sentiment. If you feel sexy, for heaven's sake admit it to yourself. If the feeling and the tension bother you, you can masturbate. Masturbation cannot hurt you and it will make you feel more relaxed." In their *Sex Education for the Developmentally Disabled*, Henry L. Fischer, Marilyn J. Karjicek, and William A. Borthick present explicit drawings of men and women masturbating and tell the teacher to start the discussion by using four-letter words.

Glopping Up Sex

Res ipsa loquitur. We must teach retarded children to masturbate. (There is no evidence that they don't discover it by themselves. But they may miss out on the four-letter words.) It hardly need be said that the "four philosophies of masturbation" are an invention of the pedagogue who wrote the curriculum guide. I know of no "philosophies" of masturbation, only of a range of opinion, such as exists, say, about eating garlic or smoking pot. There's no evidence indicating that masturbation "will make you feel more relaxed," or that it is the proper price to pay for relaxation. Sexual activity, including masturbation, may lead to relaxation, or to tension. The effect may be to tire or to stimulate, depending on the context and the person—as is the case with most activities. (Incidentally, it is not always good to relax or get rid of tension; but let that go.)

Contrary to the view expressed in the Planned Parenthood pamphlet mentioned above, one could argue that human beings have made sex important and human by "glopping it up with sentiment," by making it more than a simple bodily function, such as excretion. Sexual desire "glopped up with sentiment" was thought to help us, not

to masturbate, but to forge relationships, including the most sublime ones human beings can share. Why is masturbation enlisted to avoid the tension that sometimes used to be sublimated into love? Sex educators are hostile to love, which "glops up with sentiment" (i.e., makes human) the physical activities they wish to reduce human relations to.

Why is masturbation to be commended and taught to the handicapped? Perhaps sex educators are under the impression (or are trying to give the impression) that masturbatory sex has been shown (how? by whom?) to make people healthy, wealthy, and wise, or to be so important and yet so recondite an element of happiness that it must be taught in public schools. (The sources of knowledge about the contribution of masturbation to health and ultimately to happiness are hidden in the schools of education. All that science knows is that masturbation does no more physical harm than, say, knee bends—which are as relaxing and strengthen muscles in addition.) One is reminded of the boy who thought he had invented masturbation. Now he is a sex education teacher. Hardly anyone laughs at him anymore. We are taught to take sex with bestial seriousness (but beasts are more playful than pedagogues).

Conflicts about masturbation can cause psychological discomfort—that is in the nature of conflicts—as can excessive guilt feelings. They often arise from personality difficulties, but hardly ever (contrary to appearances, and to educators' self-serving beliefs) from ignorance. Guilt feelings are unlikely to be changed by exhortations, or teaching. They are usually symptoms rather than causes.

In no other area has the possibility of discomfort through inhibition, conflict, or guilt feelings led reasonable people to say, "Do it; you will feel more relaxed." (But are sex educators reasonable people?) Sure, you will feel more "relaxed" if you eat that tempting extra dessert. Or if you consort with that tempting prostitute; or masturbate. But you may also feel empty, and disgusted with yourself, depending on what your ideas about life and yourself are. They may differ from the sex educator's. One hopes they do. (The whole matter reminds one of driver education, also flourishing long after it has been demonstrated that it does not do any

of the things claimed, e.g., reduce accidents. It may be taught by the same coaches who teach sex education. But driver education is harmless except for wasting time. Sex education is sordid and propagates a sordid view of sex and human relationships.)

Fulfilling one's desires often makes one feel more relaxed. But doesn't it matter what the desires are? whether one ought to fulfill them? Should we always satisfy greed (sexual or otherwise)? Should we be taught not to tolerate any frustration? conflict? tension? Should we always yield, always cultivate all compulsions? Are conflicts solved, is integration really achieved, by simply insisting that one of the contending elements should be discounted altogether? Is it the task of educators to tell students to engage in sexual activity, including masturbation, whenever they feel like it?

How about love? It is thoroughly debunked in sex education. Love, as portrayed, say, in *Romeo and Juliet*, is regarded as a dangerous self-deception. Instead, "rational love" is recommended. (An oxymoron. Reason may lead us to all kinds of things, but it cannot generate feelings such as love. Reason may try to help gratify or restrain feelings. But feelings, although subject to rational analysis, are not rational or irrational. Love neither springs from reason nor is itself "rational.") According to University of Washington psychologist Nathaniel Wagner, in his film *Human Sexuality*, we can conquer the romantic impulse—love—by envisioning the beloved sitting on the toilet passing wind while nose-picking and scratching.

Topics for Discussion

Students are taught this sort of cynicism, popular among retarded adolescents of all ages—and among neurotics unable to love. Surely this disenchantment is less valid than the silliest enchantment would be. Children will be taught all about "rational love" and about masturbation. But love they are robbed of. (At least, if the sex educators have their way.) Is it really so bad to like, love, adore someone? Does the lover really have to be taught that the beloved uses a toilet? (In most schools sex education classes are not optional. When they are, the negative option is hard to exercise.)

The kids sure do learn about sex, though: "The curriculum guide [drawn up for schools in Ferndale, California] suggests that high-school students work as boy-girl pairs on 'physiology definition sheets' in which they define 'fore-play,' 'erection,' 'ejaculation,' and similar terms. Whether or not students are satisfied with the 'size of [their] sex organs' is suggested as a topic of class discussion in this curriculum."

No Worse Preparation

These discussions are to help seventh-graders to make an "Intelligent Choice of a Sexual Life Style" by selecting a "personal standard of sexual behavior," apparently from a menu offered by their sex teachers. Religious or moral rules other than self-expression and "live and let live" are not part of what is offered. Self-gratification (expression) is the approved norm. I cannot imagine a worse way to prepare young people for adult relationships, marriage, or family living.

Homosexuality is approved and, like masturbation, is prominent among the selections offered. In "Sex in Adolescence: Its Meaning and Its Future," distributed to high-school teachers by Planned Parenthood, author James W. Maddock stresses that "we must finish the contemporary sex 'revolution' . . . our society must strive to sanction and support various forms of intimacy between members of the same sex." We are not told why our society has this task. In sex education, values are not presented as such. They are assumed and preached. Sex education favors homosexual "intimacy," masturbation, and sex divorced from emotion. It is healthy. That's what teacher says. So why . . .

Burt and Meeks, in their teaching unit on homosexuality, have students "role-play" the parts of effeminate men and masculine women, and then "collect magazine . . . articles . . . and pictures of famous persons who possess attributes of the opposite sex." The unit culminates with a vocabulary list of such words as *fellatio* and *cunnilingus* (essential knowledge for your kid).

In their *Education for Sexuality*, Burt and Meeks describe coitus briefly but dwell for pages on the "four phases of sexual response." The authors suggest that junior-high-school teachers discuss

in depth with their classes "the person's feeling about sexual excitement and orgasm," which is like "jumping off a diving board."

Funny? One wonders about the purpose of such discussions. Do they achieve anything besides passing the time? One wonders too whether the discussions may stimulate the student's desire, come what may, to get that feeling of "jumping off a diving board." Where, by the way, did the authors get the idea that this is the appropriate, or the usual, response? What happens if a student, prepared to have that feeling, experiences a different one? Is he going to feel abnormal? deprived? in need of sex counseling? Should he give up sex in favor of swimming pools?

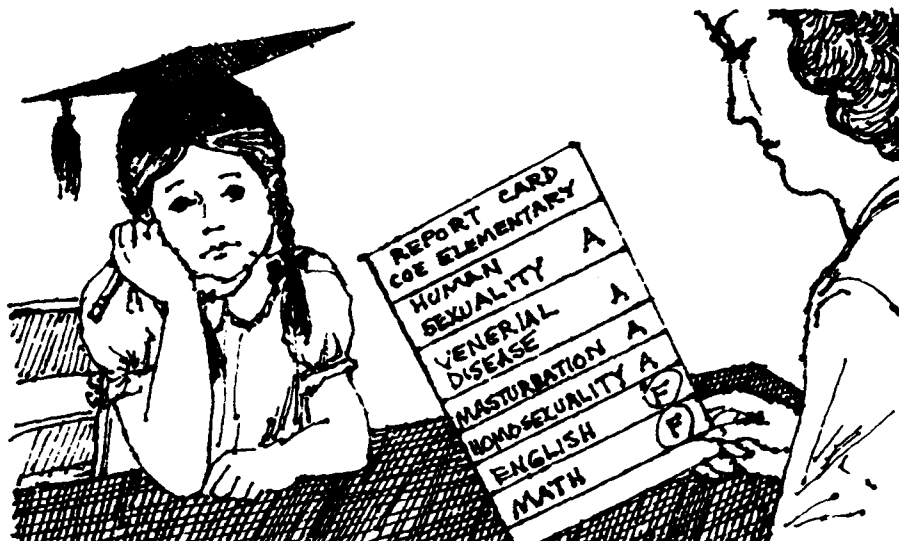
The teacher of a sexuality class, observed by Professor Kasun, in a California high school distributed instructions for "Group Drawing of Female and Male Reproductive Anatomy." High-school students are to "break up into groups of four to six persons, with men and women in each group." Each group then makes a drawing of the female and male reproductive organs and genitals, including the penis, scrotum, testes, vagina, clitoris, cervix, labia, and other parts. The teacher instructs them to check their drawings against accurate ones which she projects on the wall to "correct them" and to "talk about inaccuracies." The instructions for this exercise state that its purpose is to "provide an opportunity to work as a group on a task." (Obviously, nothing else could provide that opportunity.) The guide suggests that though students may be permitted to work on

this "exercise" as individuals, "the group experience . . . can help in . . . building . . . trust and sharing." The guide instructs the teacher to have students "discuss how they felt about 'drawing sex organs.'"

Schools are trying to invade everything. Smutty talk and private parts used to be private. At least they were not part of the curriculum. In "sex education" the classroom is trying to merge with, to absorb, the street corner, the toilet wall, and the bedroom. It seems to be succeeding. Sex, street-corner sub-teens version, is now part of the classroom curriculum. The terminology is usually more pompous, though. And the matter is less fascinating, with teacher talking (endlessly) about it. The drawings projected on the wall of the classroom, rather than drawn on the toilet wall—what a triumph of education! It is done only to correct the toilet drawings, of course, and to foster the spirit of community. Why not just leave these drawings there permanently? The organs do not change. (Think of the savings.)

What is one to conclude? The Federal Government, although it taxes all of us heavily, has a large deficit. This is how some of the money is spent. Sex education rarely is locally financed. It is pushed by federal money. (Though the sum allocated is modest, the cost is not negligible if all the resources used are properly counted.)

Perhaps we do have the government we deserve. (Hard to believe.) But, surely, our pedagogues are worse than anyone deserves. Especially our children. □



helo

Jimmy Carter Passes

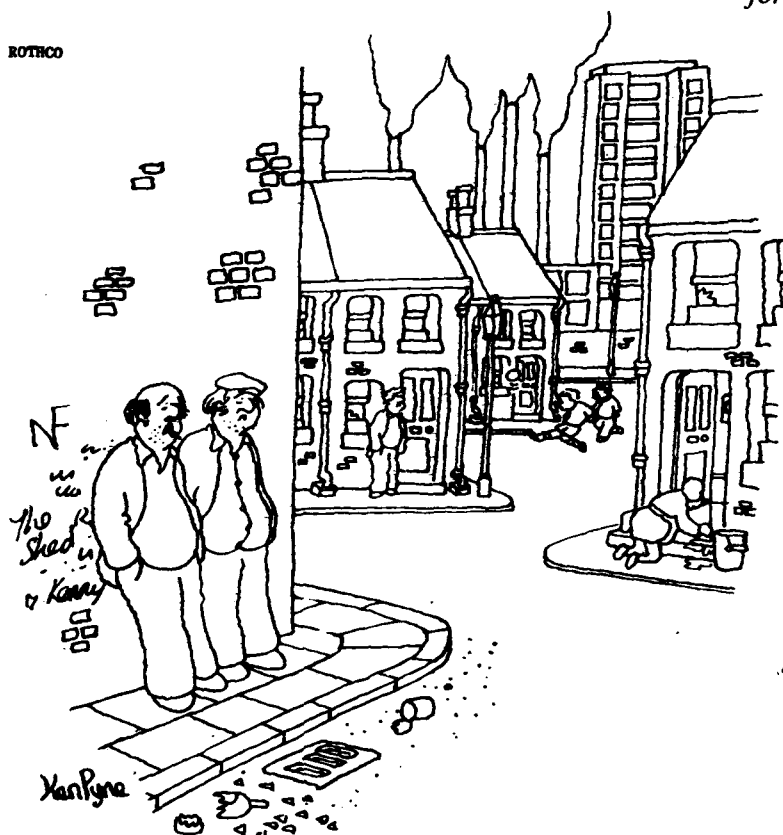
The wires are down to Kabul;
The bridge to Herat has been blown.
In Kandahar, hillsides are full
With tribesmen who sound like St. Joan.
Though Jimmy was exercised when
They shot our ambassador dead,
He seems to be counting to ten—
Or maybe he's under the bed.

W. H. VON DREELE



"And do you want to punch out the Senator for yourself, or do you represent a group?"

ROTHCO



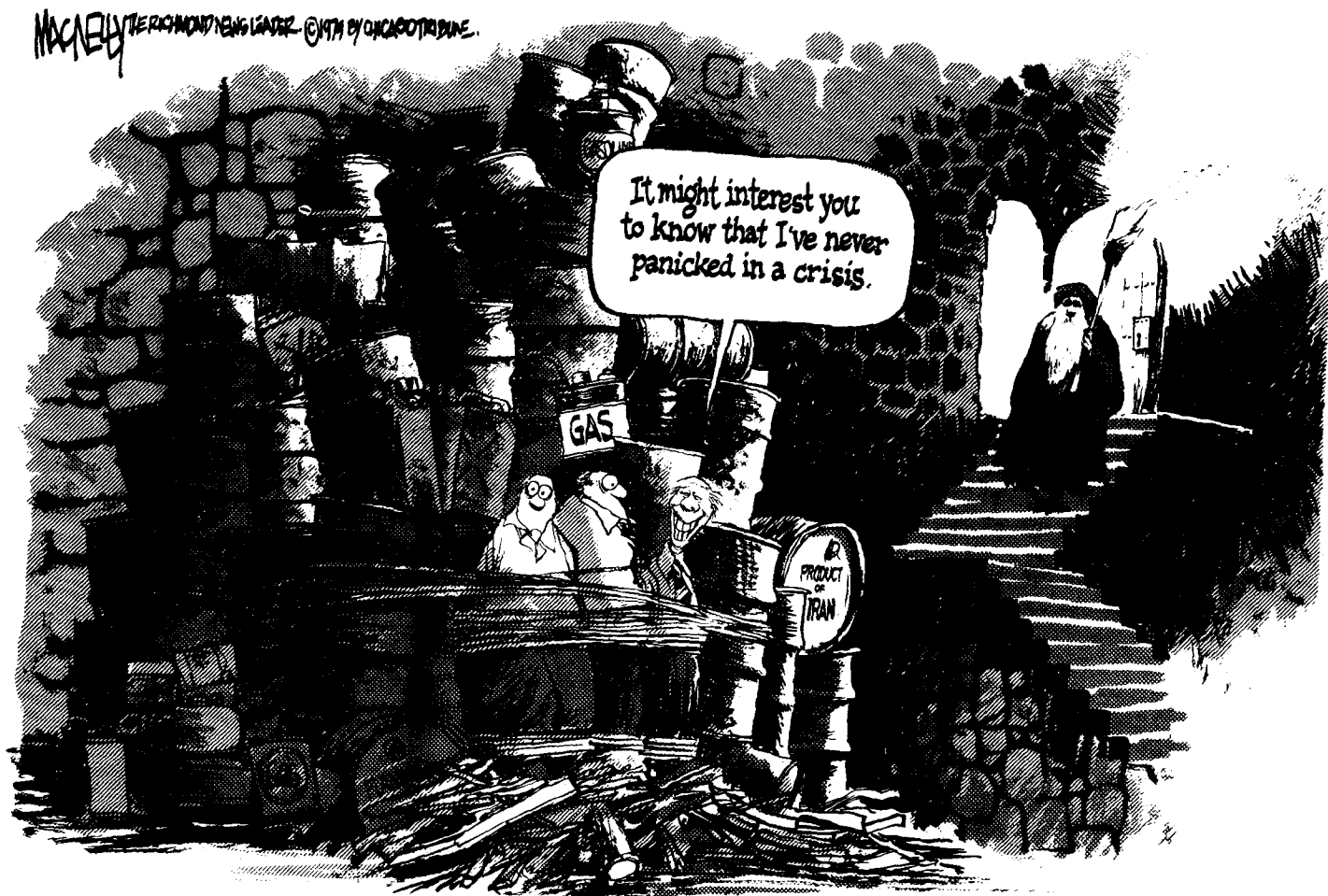
"It's beginning to look as though I'm never going to be the slum kid who dragged himself out of the gutter to become one of the city's most ruthless business tycoons."



"I'm tired of being your hedge against inflation!"



"Now this is prison reform!"



Selling Out

LAURIE PROTHRO

LIVING THE alternative life used to be a simple business. You packed the essentials—toothbrush, soy-bean paste, brown rice, hoe—into the van and took off for the country, where societal cares were few and you could lively happily off the fat of the land. But returning to your natural roots is now a complicated and costly affair, as was demonstrated recently in San Francisco at the Third Annual New Earth Exposition.

The Exposition, whose goal has been to foster "living lightly on the earth," sponsored some 250 booths offering alternatives in food, gardening, health, shelter, transportation, interior environments, personal growth, and energy. But except for the ambiguous phrase "alternative lifestyle," virtually nothing at the Exposition bore any resemblance to the original back-to-nature trend spawned by the anti-Establishment furor of the late Sixties. From the stiff \$3.75 entrance fee to the New Age "Touche à tout" serpentine sofa that "caresses you everywhere" for just \$189 and up, the Exposition cried, "Buy!" It proved beyond a doubt that the Left has embraced (or allowed itself to be embraced by) capitalism. In effect, the New Earth Exposition celebrated the total commercialization of the alternative life.

Today's alternative language is as convoluted as any government memo: booths at the Exposition advertised courses in psychological integration and mentastics, iridology at the Pacific College of Naturopathic Medicine, and a lecture on orthokeratology, vision therapy, biofeedback, and nutrition. It used to be that just leading an active, outdoor life away from the city's polluting fumes was enough.

At the same time, ordinary health foods have adopted the commercial jargon of the Seventies. Fresh fruit juices at the Exposition were no longer fresh fruit juices, they were cosmic cocktails—carob crush, banana blast, and so on.

And it is not enough to be simply organic; you must consider the macrobiotic harmony within your total system.

For instance, a massage used to be something you did for a tired, aching friend who stretched out on the rug for a rub-down. Now, as the booth operated by Living Earth Crafts pointed out, special massage tables are practically essential for an effective body rub and a resulting spiritual well-being. This particular store's models ranged from an ordinary home table for \$157 to a professional studio style at \$245, with exclusive features like "rubber (not slippery plastic) feet; easy height adjustment; strong cable suspension; only four legs." Next door, the International School of Massage booth offered a 140-hour "state-approved" course in Swedish massage with seminars in reflexology, polarity, postural integration, and more for only a hundred dollars.

A third booth spread out several yards of tapestried rug on which visitors could lie to experience the soothing, curative effects of the MA roller, a wooden contrivance developed by a Chinese acupuncturist to help relieve spinal ache, and "clean everything out." According to one of the salespeople, MA "means to transport energy." If you wanted to have your energy transported, you could purchase one of these gadgets, flawed, for a mere \$15; new, only a few dollars more.

A few booths were set up to pass on information, like the Department of Energy's table—no hype, no incense-burning, just a square-looking employee with pamphlets on solar energy to give away free. Other booths represented organizations seeking converts, like the est group, which set up under the banner of the Hunger Project and had several clean-cut types with name tags on looking hungrily at passersby, waiting to pounce upon any laggards. But the majority of booths represented businesses that wanted to introduce their wares and make money.

On the other side were the visitors to the Exposition, obviously the students of a decade ago: mostly white, now around thirty years old, some with small children in tow. But instead of wearing Levis and T-shirts, these counterculturists were garbed in imported cotton trousers, mantra shawls, Earth shoes, Birkenstock sandals. And the Exposition catered to their radically changed tastes in fashion; even the surplus military clothes on sale at one booth were not plain old army fatigues, but African safari dress "made from natural fabrics."

I found myself wondering what the pioneers, or the Himalayan monks, or any Third World nation, would have thought of this natural, no-preservatives craze. The Chicanos, no doubt, will be pleased to learn that the diet they have lived on out of necessity for hundreds of years is now recognized as a desirable alternative food—rice and beans at the burrito booth.

IRONICALLY, EVEN with today's technology, our attempts to reproduce aspects of older cultures in an effort to "live lightly" never quite reach the mark. I've tasted better falafels at Hamdi's on Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn, where they've been cooking Middle Eastern food the same way for years, than the falafels served at the New Earth Exposition. And the tofu burger (which had been heated in a microwave oven) tasted like compressed air.

The worth of the alternative life is not diminished merely because it has become a successful financial venture. Benefits accrue from recycling waste, conserving energy, maintaining a healthy body and a healthy spirit. But when I passed a booth at the Exposition for Kerista Village—an "equalitarian, neo-tribal community"—covered by tie-dyed cloths and decorated with fur rugs, pillows, and tapestry bedspreads and advertising that "utopian socialism means sharing your resources because life is more fun that way," I could not help picturing Marx turning over in his grave, and Skinner being sent to his. □

Miss Prothro is transporting energy quite happily as a free-lancer in San Francisco, without the aid of an MA roller.

Prague Winter

B. JICINSKI

NONE OF US here decided in advance to go to jail. None of us even consciously decided to become a dissident. We just happened to. We don't know how. And we started landing in jails—we also don't know how. We just did some things that seemed the decent things to do."

So wrote the Czech dissident playwright Vaclav Havel to another dissident author, Ludvik Vaculik, some time ago. But he might have been speaking for himself and his five fellow defendants at the closed-door blitz trial in Prague on October 23, where the people's court convicted the six dissidents on charges of "subversion" and contacts with "a foreign espionage agent." As if taken straight out of one of Havel's own satirical absurdist plays, the process treated the world to the spectacle of six members of the Committee for the Defense of the Unjustly Prosecuted—being unjustly prosecuted. (The Committee, founded a year ago, is an offshoot of the Charter 77 Movement and is known in Czechoslovakia under its acronym, VONS.) The six members of VONS who were just tried were originally arrested in May 1979 along with four others; another one was arrested in September. These remaining five will probably be tried in the near future.

But the people's court did not just give Havel a hard act to follow: it also gave him four and a half years at hard labor—his second jail term in the past five years—and it meted out a total of 15 years in jail to four of his fellow defendants. The fifth one, Mrs. Dana Nemcova, received a suspended sentence. She is a mother of seven, which the court cited as a reason for its "leniency." It did not note, however, that the seven children were currently parentless only thanks to socialist justice, since Mrs. Nemcova's husband, Jiri Nemec, is also in jail. A leading Catholic intellectual in the Charter 77 Movement, Nemec was one of the VONS members arrested in May.

Of Havel's fellow defendants, Peter Uhl, a 37-year-old former schoolteacher, received the longest sentence. Uhl, described by the Prague media as a "neo-Trotskyite," got five years. Like anti-Communist Havel, "neo" Uhl is

a recidivist: he had already served a four-year term for subversion at the start of the Seventies. Two others, Mrs. Ota Bednarova and Jiri Dienstbier, are former media people who became outspoken supporters of Dubcek and of democratic reforms during the Prague Spring; Bednarova as a television editor, Dienstbier as Radio Prague's foreign correspondent. Both are former Party members, and both drew three-year sentences.

Lightning Rods

On the other hand, Vaclav Benda (four years) is a Catholic intellectual, though his current occupation, stoker, does not make this immediately apparent. But the 32-year-old Benda had been a mathematician/computer designer and a *samizdat* philosopher before he was forced to find himself a new job. That was when he volunteered to become one of the three persons who serve as Charter 77's official spokesmen—and as lightning rods for the government's ire.

Because of this latter function, there is fast turnover among the spokesmen. Jaroslav Šabata, who had been designated spokesman along with Benda and Mrs. Zdena Tominova, is already serving a jail term. Mrs. Tominova is still at liberty, although, according to a source in Prague, at the time of the May arrests she was set upon and beaten unconscious by unknown assailants in a Prague street in broad daylight, and had to be hospitalized. Meanwhile, former spokesmen of the movement at once took the places of Šabata and Benda. Similarly, the VONS committee was reconstituted shortly after the arrests. Other dissidents took the place of the arrested members.

Still awaiting trial along with Jiri Nemec is his fellow advocate of religious freedom Vaclav Maly, as well as Mrs. Jarmila Belikova, psychologist,

and the newly added activist, actor Albert Cerny. Cerny was used as a prosecution witness at the trial of the six; but he apparently was not a very helpful witness. He allegedly told the court he did not think the six dissidents' activities were subversive in nature or aimed against the state.

At the 11th arrest, a denizen of Prague quipped that perhaps the government wanted "to make them look like just another soccer team caught smuggling Swiss watches." And, as it turned out, the dissidents actually were tried for smuggling—though not of watches into the country, but of articles, petitions, and manuscripts out to the West, in which activity they were supposedly aided and abetted by a CIA agent. The trial was secret, but it is a safe bet the CIA connection was conveniently created in the indictment through some of the dissidents' contacts with the well-informed exile magazine *Svedectvi*, based in Paris, whose editor had been convicted in absentia years ago for espionage on behalf of the United States. Possibly Havel's American translator also guest-starred as a CIA operative in the indictment.

The Indirect Debate

In any case, there was not a word about the defendants' connections to human rights, either in the verdict or in the pre-trial publicity in the Czechoslovak media. And indeed there couldn't be. The government, though it would not stoop to debate the Charter 77 Movement directly, as it has been invited to, has been forced to debate them indirectly through a very intensive propaganda campaign in which it has explained again and again that the Communist regime is the one and only true champion of the Rights of Man and that it has adhered scrupulously to each and every article of the Treaty of Helsinki. It would have looked a little

Miss Jicinski is a writer for *Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty*.

odd if a government working so hard at human rights were to jail its citizens for doing the same.

The Husak junta (as some in Prague call it) is of course too cynical and sophisticated to believe a word about the dissidents' CIA connections; but that is not to say their smuggling of human-rights documents does not bother the junta perhaps more than anything else about the Charter 77 Movement. The movement has sprouted new committees, addressed appeals to international bodies, and issued a number of well-researched studies on the state of Czechoslovak society under Communism; it has established a liaison with Polish dissidents and has kept the foreign media informed. All of which is giving Husak a lot of bad press.

Stakhanovite Justice

Unlike the Chinese, who recently said human rights were not relevant under Communism and that "economic equality" was the name of the game, East European Communists are too much products of Western civilization ever to take any other attitude than that they are the best and the truest defenders of civil rights, liberty, and democracy. They are thus extremely vulnerable to attacks on the human-rights issue (much more so than is, say, a Third World Communist state). The Prague trial illustrated this vulnerability: expected to last four days, it was raced through by Stakhanovite judges in two 12-hour-long marathon sessions—evidently to minimize the trial's impact on world opinion.

But other things about the dissidents worry the regime besides the bad publicity they generate. The Charter 77 Movement has been growing—slowly, but steadily. The number of signatures on Charter 77 has more than tripled since its original proclamation two years ago; a thousand people have now signed it. And many times more numerous yet are its sympathizers, well-wishers, and behind-the-scenes helpers.

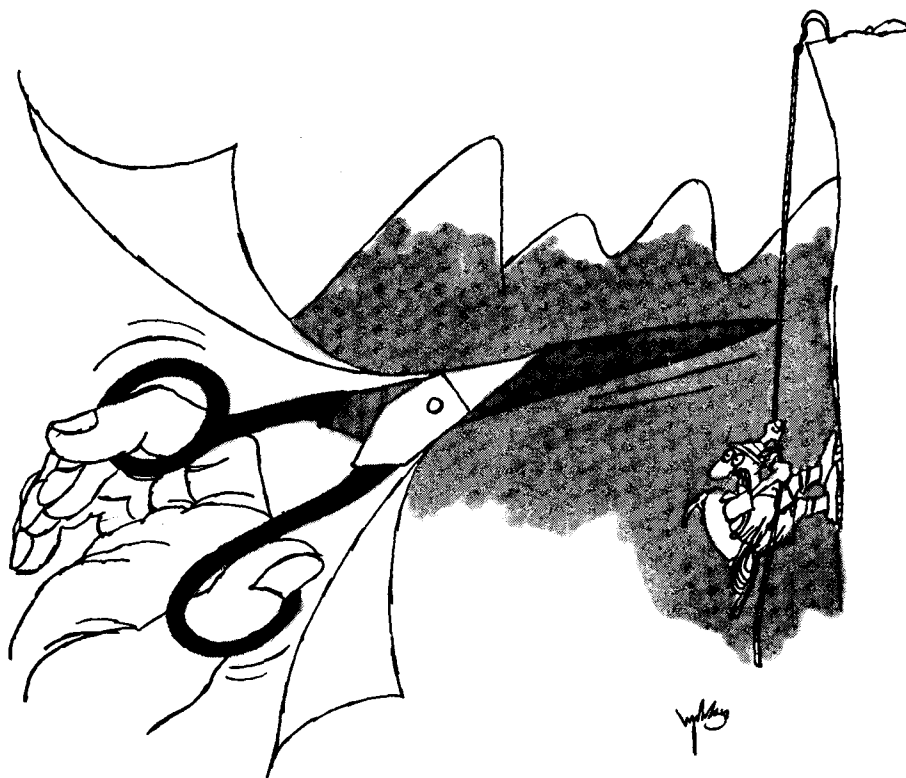
The disparate political backgrounds of the VONS committee members are also worth noting, since that is another thing that may be worrying the regime: the human-rights movement, without intending it, has become the vehicle for a sort of national reconciliation in a

country where various segments of society until recently were not on speaking terms, each blaming the others for the political disasters of the past decades. But now they work side by side. And this new unity of the opposition cannot but distress the government. The more so, because these "dissidents," using the reasonable, pro-democratic language of the Prague Spring, are not really dissenting from anyone except the Party leadership. The Czechoslovak people do disagree among themselves as to whether the dissidents' stance is truly effective or just quixotic, but they do not disagree with the dissidents' aims and ideas. Those have their wholehearted approval, while the government, in their eyes, has no more legitimacy than the quisling Hacha regime of the Nazi era. Such a government would of course see any opposition as a clear and present danger.

Even so, until recently it tried to control the dissidents without making too many martyrs. It did jail a few carefully selected individuals, but generally it preferred to pressure the activists into emigrating through economic reprisals, surveillance, searches, and frequent summonses to *pohovory* (a Communist word that can perhaps be best rendered in English as "threat chats"; *pohovory* take place at the police head-

quarters). Even its decision to hold the trial was reluctant. Czechs believe it was no coincidence that the arrests in May came shortly after a brief and little-publicized visit of Aleksei Kosygin with President Husak. And the trial itself seems to have been preceded by a little tug-of-war between the Eurocommunists and Moscow. It was to have been held in August, but then was postponed to October, possibly thanks to intense lobbying against it by Western Communist parties—in particular the French CP. Despite its current retreat from Eurocommunism, the French CP was the first to condemn the trial, just as it was starting, and in its condemnation indicated very clearly that it had intervened on behalf of the dissidents.

Thus the trial has very probably exacerbated the Western Parties' quarrel with the Kremlin, without achieving its only conceivable purpose—to scare off the dissidents' domestic support. According to reports from Prague, over thirty people were arrested holding a vigil in front of the court building; that, in terms of Russian-occupied Czechoslovakia, is Seabrook. And the regime continues in a vicious circle: by trying to suppress the bad human-rights publicity generated by the dissidents, it generates even more bad publicity than the dissidents themselves. □



De-Federalizing Welfare

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

WELFARE REFORM is a perennial topic on Capitol Hill, and until quite recently the phrase has meant one thing above all others: the increased involvement of the Federal Government.

The conventional wisdom about welfare—embodied in President Carter's new reform proposal, lately adopted by the House—is that our problems with expanding caseloads, rising costs, and related matters result from policy discrepancies among the states. Some jurisdictions, such as Texas and Mississippi, are allegedly stingy in passing out the dollars for aid to families with dependent children (AFDC). Others—like New York or California—are more “compassionate.” The generous states, it is claimed, not only incur tremendous costs in caring for their needy, but attract a host of beneficiaries from other areas.

Such an arrangement is said to be unfair, since it puts an enormous burden on the “compassionate” states; it also supposedly proves that welfare is a national, rather than a state or local, problem. The indicated remedy is to “federalize” the thing—establish a national benefit standard, have the national treasury pick up a greater percentage of the bills, and do other things along the way to make AFDC more uniform across the country.

This conventional view of welfare has in recent years been submitted to searching critique—and practical refutation. The more the topic is examined, the more it appears the problem is just the reverse of what the reformers have been telling us. We have a welfare mess, that is, precisely to the extent that the system is already federalized, and precisely because it has been federalized.

Though you would never guess it from the typical discussion, federal funding of AFDC is already huge—at least 50 per cent in all the states, as

much as 75 per cent in some—and it is clear from the empirical record that our welfare troubles have grown in step with the federal involvement. In 1936, for instance, the Feds picked up a meager 5 per cent of welfare costs, and total outlays came to only \$349 million. By 1940, the federal share had jumped to 25 per cent and outlays were up to \$1.1 billion. By 1955, the figures were 44 per cent and \$2.9 billion; by 1971 they had risen to 53 per cent and \$18.6 billion.

To the extent that somebody else is paying most of the bills, states and localities have weak incentives to stem the flow of money, crack down on fraud, or tighten up a slack administration. Moreover, to the extent that state authorities have *wanted* to tighten up, they have found themselves combatting ideologues in Washington who hold the purse strings and lay down the rules and regulations.

All of which has convinced a number of legislators that something better must be brought forward in place of the Carter bill. In essence, they have concluded that what is needed is to *de-federalize* the program, to the degree that this is feasible under present circumstances: to give the states incentive, and authority, to get the problems of fraud, excessive spending, and lax administration under control. Such is the purpose of matching bills before the House and Senate—HR-4460 and S-1382.

Block Grants

The object of these bills is to convert the present open-ended federal welfare funding scheme into a series of block grants. Each state would be given an amount of money equal to its federal AFDC payment in fiscal 1979, plus its share of a \$1-billion fiscal relief fund, apportioned according to population. An additional \$400 million would be made available to the 15 states with the

lowest benefit levels, to be used only for the purpose of increasing basic benefits. The block grant would be adjusted annually for inflation, population change, and excessive unemployment.

Once in possession of this money, the states would be free, within broad limits, to handle it as they see fit, reaping the rewards of careful administration or paying the price of heedless spending. If welfare programs are sensibly monitored, fraud held in check, and runaway fathers tracked down, the resultant savings will accrue to the states themselves, and can be used to reduce the total welfare burden, or to increase the benefit level for the truly needy. Alternatively, runaway costs above and beyond the indicated funding would have to be borne by the states responsible.

Power to the States

Among other features, this legislation would permit the states to impose a work requirement as a condition for AFDC eligibility. It would also set up a demonstration program in which eight states would be allowed to design and administer their own approaches to the problem, without being tangled in red tape from Washington.

That such a formula can actually work is shown by the experience of California, where a similar system of incentives produced an overall reduction of 200,000 in the welfare caseload. Robert Carleson, architect of the California reform, is a strong promoter of the de-federalization bills before the Congress.

Although the House has placed its seal of approval on the Carter bill, there is hope that this alternative may make some headway in the Senate. Reason: its principal sponsor is Senator Russell Long (D., La.), chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee. He is joined by Senators Bentsen (D., Tex.), Dole (R., Kan.), Packwood (R., Ore.), Schweiker (R., Pa.), and Talmadge (D., Ga.). Major backers in the House include Representatives Rousselot (R., Calif.), Jones (D., Okla.), and Conable (R., N.Y.).

The authentic reform embodied in S-1382/HR-4460 has good prospects of success because of this bipartisan, and influential, backing. It should have even better prospects on its merits. □

The Myth of Compassion

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

ONE OF THE most powerful symbols used by statist is the political surrogate for love: "compassion." Unfurling this banner, they describe democratic capitalism as a "cold" system, more concerned with "profits" than with "people."

Psychological testing shows that liberal activists imagine the Federal Government "up ahead," "a little above," as a kind of "warm glowing center of inspiration and organization." When they follow that light, they feel inner peace. They feel that they are on the side of compassion, caring, helping—on the side of history. For in their view, not quite unconscious, history is neither absurd nor meaningless nor cruel; it has an upward bias, it rises, it converges. Some attribute this inner power to God, others to Hegel, still others to a deeply felt confidence, optimism, or trust in human nature. To be on the side of history is to be moral. A liberal activist finds it hard to believe that anyone not "on the side of history" can really be nice.

Statism rests, then, on a metaphysical, moral, religious vision of the universe. Disappointments in everyday experience, the failure of programs to deliver, the messiness of pragmatic evaluation—all such matters, important though they are to those who also fancy themselves to be "realists," do not finally lead to doubts about the faith. Statism is a political religion, a surrogate for Christianity and Judaism. Many who can no longer believe in promises of immortal life, or in God-given revelations about good and evil, holding that these require too great a "leap of faith" in a sophisticated secular age, continue to believe in busing, disarmament, the benevolence of centralized authority, and the benignity of their own perception of "the public interest."

The struggle between statist and conservatives is, therefore, morally un-

equal. Statists believe that conservatives are highly ideological, narrow, inflexible; they see themselves as forgiving, pragmatic, cooperative. But suppose that a conservative vision cuts closer to the inner meaning of human history than statism does, and permits history's dynamism fuller expression in political and economic life. Suppose that a conservative vision is more compassionate; that, in practice as in theory, it better feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, brings healing to the ill. Consider two propositions: 1) The state is a distancing agent, which translates compassion into taxes, and taxes into budgets, and budgets into agencies, and agencies into federal forms. At each link, corruptions enter; greed, self-interest, and profiteering are more naked and less disciplined in the public sector than in the private. 2) The private sector is more imaginative, energetic, efficient, practical, and public-spirited than the public sector. The difference in dynamism between private- and public-sector social orders can become physically tangible in locations like East Berlin and West Berlin.

SUPPOSE, further, that the miseries of Calcutta and of the mountain people of Peru should move the souls of folks who cannot bring themselves to believe in statist cant. What can they do? For such as these, the vision of democratic capitalism must be clarified. No better weapon against poverty, disease, illiteracy, and tyranny has yet been found. And yet democratic capitalism is not, I recognize, a social system all conservatives support. Many of its potentialities have gone unmarked.

1. *Its distributive capacities.* One of the unsung features of democratic capitalism is its economic uplifting of the proletariat. Marxists who begin by trying to organize the proletariat wail all too soon about its *embourgeoisement*.

They seek, then, disaffection and resentment among white-collar workers, students, and intellectuals, as in Italy.

2. *Its social motive.* The motive of the system, as distinct from the motives of the individuals who empower it, is to increase the wealth of nations. Its aim is to raise the material base of humankind, to bring out from the earth its unsuspected riches, so as to support its populations at levels never before experienced.

3. *Its higher purpose.* The motive of the system is to concentrate upon improving the material base of humankind, but its higher purpose in doing so is to empower individuals to use their own native liberty as they see fit. For democratic capitalism, liberty is at once the means to greater productivity and the end thereof. Unlike pretentious socialism, democratic capitalism does not presume to take the place of archbishops, philosophers, and poets in instructing individuals how to use their liberty. It respects pluralism.

4. *Its symptoms.* The only reliable symptom of a mature system of democratic capitalism is that it permits sin to flourish, along with virtue, and breeds a certain amount of spiritual unrest, malaise, confusion, and purposelessness. These are the necessary marks of any true system of human liberty. Such a system permits individuals to find or to lose their own way. It is not a system for mass-producing individual saintliness, self-realization, or collective happiness. It attempts to imitate the Creator, Who so loved liberty as to permit its awful desecrations.

5. *Its present urgency.* Between 1900 and 1945, the population of this planet doubled, because material advances invented by democratic capitalism and distributed by it to every region of the world enabled millions to live longer (on average, twenty years) and countless infants to survive to have children of their own. Since 1945, world population has doubled again. More food is needed. Medicines are needed. Schools and housing are needed. The material base of civilization needs urgent increase. The techniques, human skills, and changes of cultural habit necessary to expand the productive capacity of the earth have been pioneered by democratic capitalism. Its compassion for the material needs of humankind has not in history yet had a peer. □

Books Arts & Manners

What about Squanto?

JOSEPH SOBRAN

If you want to write an American history textbook you'll need more than a muse. You—You the Author—are only part of the process. In fact authors resemble Hollywood actors, chosen by publishers the way actors are cast by producers. The final product won't really be yours. You'll have co-authors, probably headed by some famous historian who will do none of the actual writing but who will lend the book his name (the better to sell you with, my dear). You will digest the facts and scholarship and funnel it into little bitty sentences the children can read. You will include celebratory little passages on all the vocal pressure groups: women and minorities, or chicks and spics as you'll wind up wanting to call them. You will take care not to offend your basic Middle American parent too much, just in case one of them should ever care to look into your handiwork. You'll also take care to make it passable by all the school boards, who have the dreaded power to intercept your work before it reaches the classroom. (The state and local selection committees are so heterogeneous that publishers hire special people just to keep track of them all.)

And if that is not enough, your book is apt to run up against Miss Frances FitzGerald, who in *America Revised* heaps urbane scorn on every American history text she can lay her pretty little paws on. (That last is the kind of phrase you must never use in your book, Prospective Author.) Her book begins as a study of the problem and ends up part of it.

That is, it begins well, very well. She takes the measure of the complexities, and does so in a historically genetic way. The texts used to be written by individuals who could indulge their own cantankerous views, and even wrote with style. Later, as the school system enlarged, incorporating a lot of immigrants' children in need of acculturation, the texts assumed a more author-

itative tone, self-consciously affirming the New England tradition as *the* American tradition, everything else as addition. David Seville Muzzey perfected this genre and reigned for an extraordinary fifty years. He too wrote well, and his patrician generosity to the newcomers offended few, just as his sympathy with the old Southern aristocracy didn't hurt sales in Dixie. But by the early Sixties his defects had become obvious; or perhaps one should say the things he hadn't bothered with had become defects. Anyway, he was

passé. Too much had happened—World War II, cold war, racial unrest—for amendment by editorial interpolation.

If by the early Sixties the Muzzeyes were passé, by the late Sixties the early Sixties were passé. The Negro presence could no longer be accommodated with bigger and bigger photos of George Washington Carver. The whole story had to be faced up to. But that was only part of the trouble. Now interpretation and tone had become uncertain



America Revised

By Frances FitzGerald

Atlantic-Little, Brown,

240 pp., \$9.95

as well. In short, the American consensus had broken down. There were no longer marginal areas of controversy which textbooks could discreetly skirt or bracket: there was deep and loud controversy over everything, including whether the whole American enterprise deserved reverence.

One hapless text thought to anticipate certain minority objections by portraying Squanto, the Indian who had befriended Miles Standish, as a "friendly," in contrast to the "unfriendly" Indians who didn't rush to welcome our forefathers ashore. A keen-eyed minority review council objected that it would be fairer to bear in mind that the majority of Indians saw the palefaces as invaders, which meant not that they were unfriendly but that Squanto was a bit of a quisling.

Miss FitzGerald smiles sympathetically: you can't win, can you? She knows there is no such thing as Objectivity, a universal point of view, comprehensive and incontrovertible. She makes the point with wit and dash. Then . . .

Then she forgets everything she has said, and joins the carpers. Perhaps her operative theory (she doesn't spell it out) is that as long as there is no objectivity, only pressure groups represent-

Aram Bakshian Jr. is the author of *The Candidates: 1980, to be published by Arlington House in February*. . . . Nicholas King has worked for UPI and various other journalistic enterprises, and is a frequent contributor to NR. . . . James P. McFadden is the editor of *The Human Life Review*. . . . Joseph Sobran is a syndicated columnist and a Senior Editor of NR.

ing rival perspectives, she may as well turn on her own share of the pressure. So she laces into one Fifties text for failing to define "capitalism," let alone point out that the interests of rich and poor under capitalism conflict, and that the rich guys win because they control the government. It doesn't occur to her that if the texts taught economics the way she wants it taught, they would come in for even more criticism (like from economists).

She is also sore about the cold war "chauvinism" of Fifties texts, though she allows that things are better now, what with references to Joe McCarthy's "scare tactics" (a term she finds unproblematic). She complains about the cautious treatment of what she calls "the peace movement" (and the "anti-war" movement), without pausing to notice controversial implications in her own rhetoric. Future critics, not necessarily sharing her commitments, might also complain about something she neglects, namely the scanty textbook references to what happened in Indochina after her prescriptions were followed. As an older historian commented, "They leave a waste, and call it peace."

Her trenchant intelligence leads the reader to hope for a more radical look at the whole problem of public education in the absence of consensus. Instead he finds that she is really trying to badger us into a new consensus, based on the fashionable views she holds. That's politics, not history. □

AMERICANA

Herbert Hoover: A Public Life
By David Burner

Knopf, 433 pp., \$15.95

Dulles: A Biography of Eleanor, Allen, and John Foster Dulles
By Leonard Mosley

Dial Press, 530 pp., \$12.95

NOBLE FAILURES

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Say what you will about the old WASP ascendancy, it did tend to be a bit stronger on stoicism than the recent waves of frenetic, obsessive status-seekers who have chipped away at it. One misses the calm sense of duty and comparatively uncomplaining attitude to-

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM NOVEMBER: *The American Image: Photographs from the National Archives, 1860-1960* (Pantheon, \$20) —courtesy of the National Archives Trust Fund Board, with an introduction by Alan Trachtenberg—consists of two hundred photos from the five million on file in the archives. Good Americana. . . . *Picasso: The Cubist Years 1907-1916* (New York Graphic/Little, Brown, \$125), a study of the seminal period of Picasso's career which determined not only the future of his own work but in many respects that of modern art; contains 52 handsome color plates.

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: James Dickey's new collection of poems is *The Strength of Fields* (Doubleday, \$6.95). For critical purposes, it should be assumed that any resemblance the title work bears to the poem read by Dickey at the inaus-

picious inauguration of President Carter is strictly accidental. . . . Jean Laréguy's *The Face of War: Reflections on Men and Combat* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$13.95) is a book of war and war stories, which stresses the horrors of combat and suggests that the human temper may not tolerate them much longer.

■ SOME JANUARY TITLES: John le Carré's latest novel is *Smiley's People* (Knopf, \$10.95); space precludes giving a comprehensible synopsis here. . . . Susan Cheever, the daughter of John Cheever, is publishing her first book, *Looking for Work* (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95), a novel about a young woman trying to find herself through work. . . . *Kurt Weill in Europe, 1900-1935: A Study of His Music and Writings* by Kim Kowalske (UMI Research Press, \$34.50) is interesting for, among other reasons, its attempt to disconnect Weill from Bertolt Brecht and thereby raise him up from his subordinate status vis-à-vis that terribly inflated playwright. —CW

ward public service of such worthies as Herbert Hoover and John Foster Dulles —men who sought power not because it was a glittering prize, but because they thought (often erroneously, as it turned out) that they might do some good and had a duty to try. In this respect, like the early abolitionists, they were "dogooders" in the purest sense, custodians of what they believed to be a set of principles, a national ethos. And because the ethos was based on a fairly explicit moral code and a definite constitutional foundation, they were less likely to careen all over the field, savaging friends and foes alike and ending up in a bottomless mire of botched, vaguely humanist good intentions—the almost universal fate of the modern liberal dogooder.

Two recent biographies, both well written and researched, offer us poignant reminders of these upright, albeit slightly starchy, knights of old: the detailed, sometimes gossipy chronicle of the Dulles trinity (Eleanor, Allen, and John Foster) by British historian and foreign correspondent Leonard Mosley, and the befittingly sober public life of Herbert Hoover by David Burner. As a biographer, Mr. Burner had a tougher job than Mr. Mosley had: he was faced with resurrecting a rather less likely Lazarus. George Creel once remarked that "Writing about Herbert Hoover is like trying to describe the interior of a citadel where every drawbridge is up and every

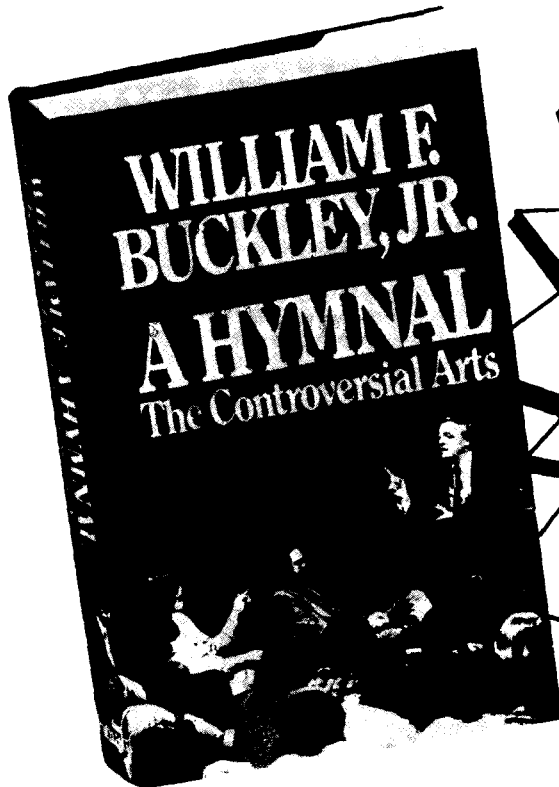
portcullis down." The countless acts of personal kindness and generosity Hoover performed over a long life were always cloaked in anonymity by the benefactor himself, and his keen sense of humor was reserved for very private moments with a small circle of friends. At meetings or on the stump, Herbert Hoover, like many sensitive, introverted people, turned to cardboard.

His unwillingness to lie, to appeal to the cheaper emotions, or to manipulate his public was a noble private attribute which, as the Great Depression picked up steam, became a crippling political liability. Hoover's undoing was that, although he combined some of the finest aspects of both the man of reason and the visionary, he was incapable of communicating either to a wide audience. Like most Quakers, his life of the soul was intensely private, not something to be spilled all over the auditorium. And his reputation as a technocrat who could fix anything and think his way through every problem was swept away by the trauma of the Depression and the vicious, rabble-rousing attacks of his political opponents. As Mr. Burner puts it:

Hoover's understanding of the collective social life, and of the place the individual has within it, received much of its strength and its limitation from the milieu, and the successes, of his own career. Skill and ability, guided by conscience and turned ambitiously and briskly upon a large so-

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cial or economic problem—that was the idea of individualism and character that Hoover offered. Some sensible project, articulating the separate efforts of willing individuals knowledgeable in the technical requirements of their tasks, would provide the model for his notion of the collective existence. Hoover did not greatly perceive—or, at any rate, put to political use—the more delicate and psychological connections that make up a public, as opposed to the connections established by will and reason, conscience and mutual interest. . . .

Which is a rather dull, guarded way of saying that he failed to understand that most members of the commonwealth are not as intelligent, reasonable, and well-intentioned as the Herbert Hoovers of this world. The grubby side of the art of government was unknown to him (indispensable though it is), or something he considered too soiling to touch. He would not stoop to FDR's appeals to prejudice, greed, and class hatred. He would not promise what he could not deliver. And he could not bring himself to see that the juggling of popular perceptions—the manipulation of morale that is so distasteful, but is needed in any successful mass effort, from a football game to a major war—was a necessary evil in a vast, fractured polity like ours with its volatile mix of idealism and materialism.

Still, there is more to admire from a personal standpoint in Hoover's failure than in many a successful public life. As Mr. Burner points out, despite his subject's almost morbid reticence, ". . . there is plenty of excitement in the outward circumstances of Hoover's life: a Quaker orphan, a member of the 'pioneer' class at Stanford University, a self-made millionaire working on the frontiers of five continents, the supplier of relief to Belgium and later to much of Europe and the Soviet Union, the nation's President during the early years of its greatest depression . . ." and so on and so on, to a well-deserved twilight as an honored if not beloved elder statesman. Certainly Hoover's is a life worth reading, both for the admirable human qualities of the man and for its lesson in how useless unalloyed reason and decency can be in confronting the darker side of human nature in crisis.

The failure of the Dulles family—like their finer characteristics—is a less striking study in *chiaroscuro*. While not so directly on the firing line of public opinion as Hoover, the Dulleses were

important shapers of American foreign policy and overseas intelligence for many years. In the process, they often gave as good as they got in bureaucratic maneuvering and backbiting. Allen Dulles, in particular, took real pleasure in such grubby angling, perhaps for the same reason that he was so intrigued by intrigue—an adolescent lust for the illicit shortcut, the James Bondian solution to matters that, if soluble at all, certainly do not lend themselves to the often amateurish spitball tactics he employed.

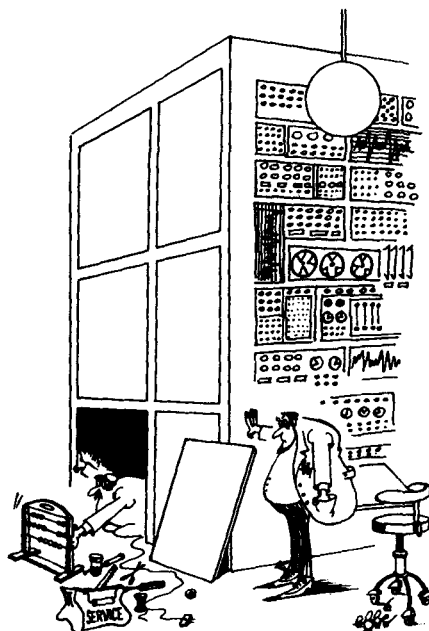
TACTICALLY, however, Allen Dulles certainly had his innings. He helped dump Mossadeq in Iran (but put in the Shah, who was probably doomed to failure by his own megalomaniac delusions and the subsequent collapse of American global resolve), and he managed similar quickie solutions in smaller countries such as Guatemala, where Marxist-oriented strongmen like Arbenz were replaced by static rightist regimes posing less of an immediate threat to the United States but offering little prospect of long-term stability. In the end, while John Kennedy and his White House clique deserve at least equal blame for it, the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which laid the groundwork for the intelligence community's loss of face and subsequent dismantling, more than outweighed Allen Dulles's limited good works. He was a well-intentioned, fussily romantic old operator who loved intelligence work as much for the sake of the battle as for the sake of the side he served. Had he been either a bit more ruthless or a bit

less careless, he would have been far more successful.

Eleanor Dulles, whom Mr. Mosley gives near-equal billing mainly because she is the only surviving member of the family trio (and was extensively interviewed by the author), has since questioned some of his statements and more of his conclusions. Suffice it to say that she emerges from Mosley's pages as an earnest, rather confused lady of some intelligence and ability—but hardly enough to justify either a book or most of her senior appointments, were it not for her family connections. In this respect, Eleanor Dulles is even more typical of the old WASP ascendancy than her more interesting brothers.

If Allen Dulles practiced winning tactics at the cost of dooming his overall strategy, the opposite was true of his brother, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. His tragedy—and it really deserves that too freely bestowed label—was that his basic strategic view of the world struggle was sound, but his execution was uneven at best. Dulles recognized the Communist threat for what it was and is. But at the tactical level, he was blinded by a number of personal and national prejudices which contributed to fiascos like Suez. As Winston Churchill once lamented, "John Foster Dulles is the only case I know of a bull who carries his china shop with him."

YET, WITH his courage, integrity, and long-range vision, John Foster Dulles remains one of the most formidable Secretaries of State our country has ever produced, and a pleasing contrast to most of the mediocrities and slippery fixers who have followed him. His qualities of character were much the same as those which, during the century and a half of WASP ascendancy, built America into a world power. More often than not, Dulles wielded our accumulated strength for good rather than evil. Today, when so much of it has been dissipated by lesser men, and when what remains of it is so consistently misapplied, one almost misses the old Calvinist. Mr. Mosley's lengthy, discursive, but always lively text, written as it is by a man who lived through and covered most of the events included, offers the reader a bittersweet recollection of a lost America, and a lost American elite—not without flaws but graced with a moral vision that seems sadly lacking today. These particular WASPs are worth remembering. □



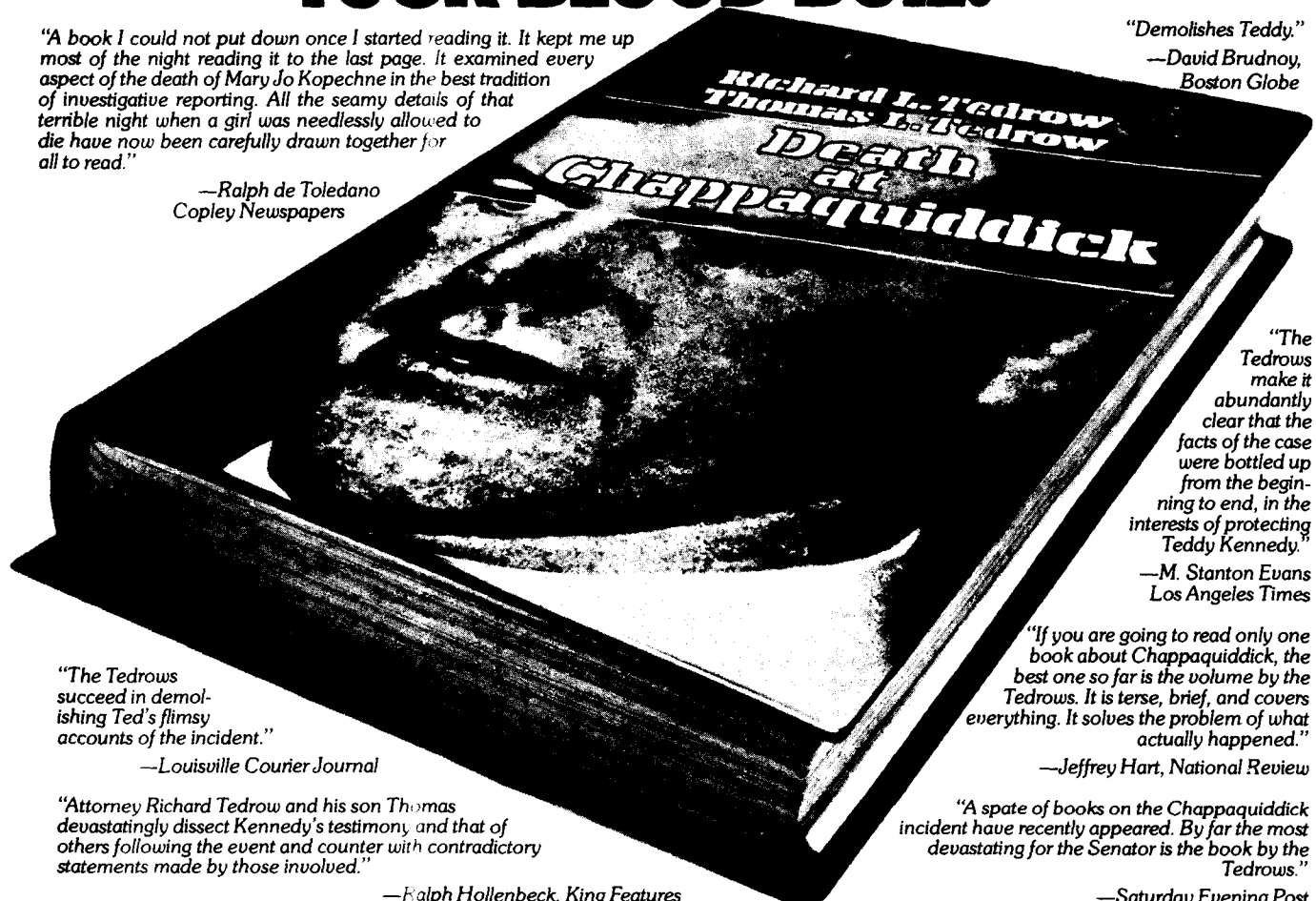
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—Saturday Evening Post

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The Mormon Experience

By Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton

Knopf, 404 pp., \$15

THE VALLEY BOUNTIFUL

NICHOLAS KING

Were the nineteenth century Mormons a "cult," akin to the brain-washing, para-religious cadres which, in these times, ensnare the spiritually disinherited? Was their impulse to flee conventional and critical society and seek an isolated refuge similar to that kind of Gadarene rush toward oblivion or self-immolation we are witnessing in the present day?

The answer is surely that they were not. A century and a half of productive and devout tenacity has more than vindicated the experiments of Mormon society and placed it well within the mainstream of American life. Yet there is a mystery about them.

For although we know who the Mormons are, we do not clearly perceive *what* they are. Despite their abiding place in our history and folklore, to which they have contributed more than a fair share of hardship and heroism, they remain imperfectly seen and understood. Mormonism has something uncommunicated at its heart, which not all the thousands of its missionaries nor the two apologists for it who have written this book are able comfortably to dispel. And still no non-Mormon is permitted to set foot in a Mormon temple.

The mystery began with God's revelation to Joseph Smith, in 1823, of the existence of certain golden tablets hidden in a hillside in upstate New York, and Smith's translation of them as the Book of Mormon. These scriptures, transcribed from behind a curtain and circulated initially to Smith's friends and family, "amplified" the Bible and created a new kind of Christian believer having his origins in a pre-Columbian migration from the Holy Land and accepting the designation of a Saint of the Latter Day—that is, one to whom the most recent and hence the finally

authentic revelation has been communicated. For the Book of Mormon is called the "restored" Gospel, and contains commandments and lessons for the instruction of the Children of God which, until Joseph Smith's discovery, had been denied to all the generations of Christianity.

Mormons also hold that God's revelations are continuing, and that the Mormon prophets are thus the contemporary vessels of the divine Word. Such revelations, over the last 150 years, have nourished and guided the Saints, as Mormons call themselves, in all aspects of their lives unto this day. Only last year, for example, the Church received, in answer to its prayer, a communication from God to the effect that black people could at last be admitted to the Mormon priesthood. If this is derided by non-Mormons as political expediency, the Mormon reply might be that God has always been, and is now, expediency's best judge.

The drama of the Mormon epic of the nineteenth century can certainly be apprehended. Here was a new religion, analogous in its circumstances to emergent Protestant sects like the Shakers, but one which was strong enough and wise enough to survive prejudice and persecution. The Mormons were driven out of Missouri, and then Illinois, by the local right-thinkers who suspected their faith and envied them their economic cohesion. The Mormons found, under Brigham Young, the will to pull themselves through deserts and over mountains, planting crops on the way for those who would follow behind, and



to reach at last the inhospitable sanctuary of the Great Salt Lake valley. With Yankee resourcefulness—the Mormons were demographically a part of the New England exodus, and both Smith and Young were born in Vermont—they made the wilderness into their flourishing Kingdom of the West. When the time came, they were clever enough to transform their kingdom into part of the American national heritage as the state of Utah, but they kept the Church intact. It remains intact, and has grown into a community of four million people, many of them still in Utah—Zion—but many more now in Europe, Latin America, and the Far East.

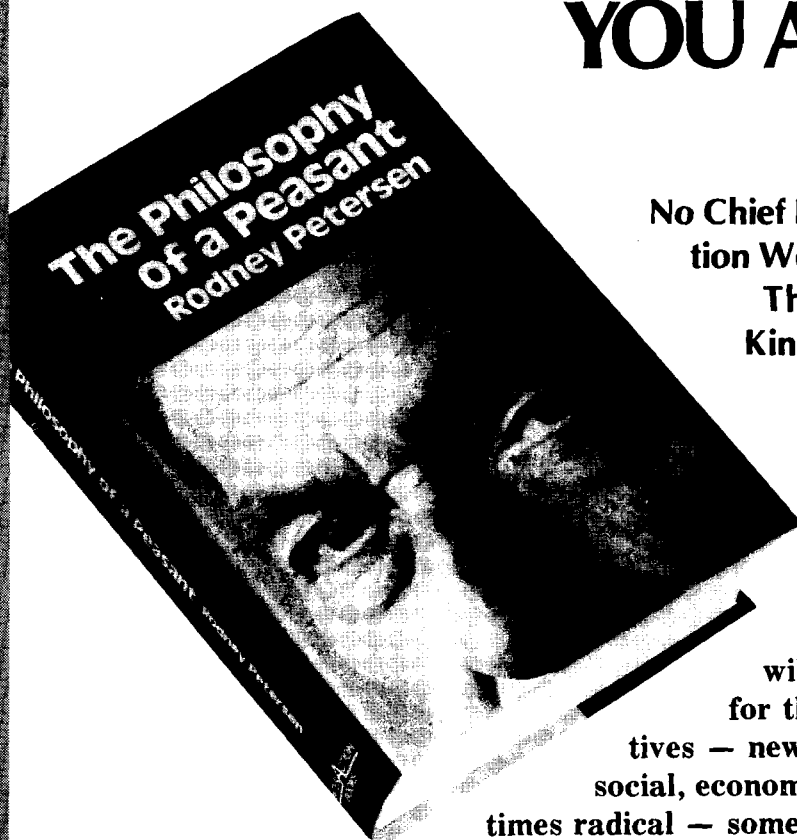
The prejudices against Mormonism

derived, as so many religious prejudices do, from its claim to be the unique expression of the whole Christian truth. The ways in which the Mormons are different, insofar as outsiders can understand them, include original concepts of the sacraments and of the entry of the soul into eternity, as well as its relation to the flesh here on earth. These concepts find their expression in such things as the baptism of ancestors, the "sealing" of marriages, and, of course, the religious authoritarianism necessary for establishing those conditions which Mormons view as necessary for the second coming of Christ.

THE ECONOMIC order proclaimed by Joseph Smith meant that the Church was built on the labor of the faithful, and their tithes enriched its coffers for missions abroad and community power at home. At the same time, the puritan rule of daily life (e.g., no smoking, no drinking, no tea or coffee) was strictly enforced and endures to this day. Indeed the cohesion and discipline of the Mormons have made them into one of the most conservative religious bodies in the United States.

But politically the Mormons have remained uncommitted, which, in view of a natural and historic tendency to vote as a group, has played an important part in their survival and growth. The Mormons have always understood politics and have been able to strengthen their position time and again in the face of disaster. The history of Mormon polygamy is an interesting case in point. The doctrine of "plural marriage" was revealed to Smith in 1843 when the Saints were still in the Middle West, but it was not proclaimed until after the settlement in Utah. Although the relatively small number of Mormons who practiced polygamy did so reluctantly, according to official history, they defended the practice because it was decreed by God, let the social and emotional consequences be what they might. Polygamy quickly became, to other Americans, the shameful badge of the Mormon tribe, and Washington went so far as to send an army to Utah to stamp it out. But in 1890, just as national pressure on the Mormons was becoming intolerable and the Federal Government had begun confiscating Church property and excluding Mormon voters from the polls, Mormon President Wilford Woodruff issued a manifesto, couched as a divine revela-

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INTERACTION BOOKS

tion, countermanding the doctrine of Joseph Smith and calling on Mormon men to desist from taking more than one wife. The interim, however, had assured the Church of a rapid and much-needed growth in population and the critical expansion of its elite ranks.

Mormons today are peacefully and productively integrated into the life of the whole country. They have produced political leadership (Morris Udall and George Romney are Mormons, for instance), and their social and religious stability are rightly admired by many other churches. At a time when the fumes of fetid ideologies are enveloping the ignorant, the solidity and integrity of the Mormon record are worth attention and speculation. □

OBSESSIONS

Aborting America

By Bernard N. Nathanson, MD, with
Richard N. Ostling

Doubleday, 336 pp., \$10

AN UNPAYABLE MORTGAGE

JAMES P. McFADDEN

If you have followed the abortion wars, you know about Bernard Nathanson, the abortionist who made headlines five years ago by publicly announcing that he was "deeply troubled" by having "presided over sixty thousand deaths." This book (written "with" Mr. Ostling, a *Time* editor) is touted as "sure to arouse controversy and debate on this serious issue," and it undoubtedly will. It will also tell you a great deal about Nathanson, whose name—on his own evidence alone—may be forever linked with what Malcolm Muggeridge calls our generation's Humane Holocaust.

Son of a Jewish doctor and raised on Manhattan's West Side, Nathanson studied medicine in Canada in the mid-Forties. There his girlfriend illegally aborted his child. The abortionist wanted \$500—an awful lot of money in those days. Bernard raised the sum, but the girl "haggled" the practitioner until he knocked \$150 off the fee: blood money that ended the affair because Bernard came to think of it as an "unpayable



mortgage" on himself (a qualm before the storm, you might say).

He returned to New York and became a prominent obstetrician/gynecologist. But abortion was a "continuing problem" in his private practice. Terrified women would come to him "clutching a lab report" indicating pregnancy. He would "dictate"—he never wrote it with his own hand—the name and number of one "Rodriguez," and agree to see the women two weeks later for a "check-up." Sometimes he saw them a lot sooner; "Rodriguez" evidently had spells of heavy-handedness (he caused one woman nine more operations, but he *did* prevent further pregnancies).

In due course Nathanson got into the "abortion rights" movement. He became a founding father of NARAL (originally the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws, now the National Abortion Rights Action League). He was a close friend and neighbor of Lawrence Lader, chairman and chief propagandist of NARAL. This part of the book will likely cause Bernard's erstwhile pro-abortion allies to consider him a Benedict Arnold, for he provides lurid details of their plotting, not to mention gems like Lader's considered judgment on the opposition: "... and the other thing we've got to do is bring the Catholic hierarchy out where we can fight them. That's the *real* enemy. The biggest single obstacle to peace and decency throughout all of history." (To Bernard, although "far from an admirer of the church's role in the world chronicle" himself, this "brought to mind the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.") Lader proved a brilliant strategist, the architect of NARAL's crucial alliance with Betty Friedan and the feminists, who were also dedicated to the repeal of all abortion laws.

All this happened in the late Sixties, well before the U.S. Supreme Court's 1973 abortion-on-demand fiat, but just

in time for the "reform" battles in New York where, in 1970, after bitter debate, the state legislature legalized abortion up to 24 weeks. NARAL was in the thick of the fight, even though it was often short of money (at one critical moment, the Playboy Foundation came through with a generous grant).

Now Bernard himself was busily performing abortions, so many of them that, he says, "I was referred to privately as the 'Abortion King,' 'The Scraper,' and other considerably cruder designations." Such credentials fitted him for the job of Director of the Center for Reproductive and Sexual Health, which, despite its name, became in fact the nation's largest abortion clinic.

It was quite an experience, which the author describes in great detail: blood, gore, filth—when Bernard took command, the place was well below stockyard standards, but inspectors were sympathetic. Bernard imposed high standards, making things cleaner and cheaper. Even so, profits rose. Abortion was a Growth Industry (except for the "fetus," of course) from the start. Soon the daily take zoomed beyond \$10,000; once he had to round up \$400,000 in stray assets that had just got "stashed" into banks and securities, so that he could invest in a bigger place to accommodate a gross business of almost \$5 million a year.

AND SO TO the spring of '74. Abortion was perfectly legal from sea to shining sea; business was booming; millions of "mothers" were free of what an HEW official, one Willard Cates, later described as the "venereal disease" of pregnancy. But suddenly Bernard felt a chill (that old Canadian quease?): "In that late spring I began to be plagued with nagging little doubts and disturbing questions." As the clinic's bodycount neared sixty thousand, Bernard resigned. (He agreed to run the business through the summer, it's true—but after that he would abort only his own private patients.) That fall, he sent an article to the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, which published it in the November 28, 1974 issue.

It caused a considerable stir at the time. "I am deeply troubled by my own increasing certainty that I had in fact presided over sixty thousand deaths," he wrote. Yet his conclusion took him no further than this: "We must work

together to create a moral climate rich enough to provide for abortion, but sensitive enough to life to accommodate a profound sense of loss." As you can imagine, this opaque new stance did not please his former comrades, nor make him a hero to the "right-to-life" crowd (whose notions of contrition tend to be extremist).

The rest of the book (by no means the least interesting part) contains his ruminations on the state of the Abortion Question. Much of it is pompous philosophizing, but it is encouraging to know that he has finally sat down and *thought* about it all. Some "pro-lifers" may be thrilled that he now opposes abortion in many cases and thinks the Supreme Court should drastically alter its current decision on the matter. But the deadly ambiguity remains: he smiles on tougher laws in part because new "do-it-yourself" abortion kits will make them unenforceable; he suggests that we could please everybody by perfecting artificial wombs that would both "free" the woman and spare the child, which could then be hot-housed for eventual adoption by the million couples now wanting babies—then vitiates that benevolent fantasy by reminding us that, at the current abortion rate (perhaps 1.5 million or more this year), the demand would be satisfied in short order—and then what do we do with all the vegetating kids? And so on.

But despite its often sickening content and tone, this book is fascinating. I doubt that many readers will long remember Nathanson's shallow thoughts or proposals, but they won't forget the horrors he describes so nonchalantly. Certainly he deserves to be remembered. If one day there is an Abortion Nuremberg, should he be in the dock? There is evidence aplenty for indictment in this book, not least his own smug summation: "There are 75,000 abortions in my past medical career, those performed under my administration . . . and the 1,500 that I have performed myself. The vast majority of these fell short of my present standard that only a mother's life, interpreted with appropriate medical sophistication, can justify destroying the life of this being. . . ." *Prima facie* admission of genocide against a class (not race) of humans? Okay, but hear the defense: "I now regret this loss of life. I thought the abortions were right at the time; revolutionary ethics are

often unrecognizable at some future, more serene date. The errors of history are not recoverable, the lives cannot be retrieved. One can only pledge to adhere to an ethical course in the future." No Himmler would say that. Eichmann, maybe. □

Energy Future

Edited by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin

Random House, 353 pp., \$12.95

The New Tyranny—How Nuclear Power Enslaves Us

By Robert Jungk

Grosset & Dunlap, 204 pp., \$10

Nuclear Disaster in the Urals

By Zhores A. Medvedev

Norton, 214 pp., \$12.95

THE FONDA SYNDROME

RICHARD BROOKHISER

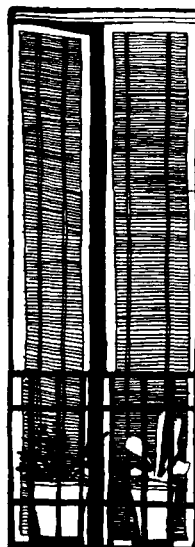
Conservatives sometimes accuse the opposition on energy issues of being afraid of the future, but things are more complicated than that. Socially and culturally, the average liberal may cherish an elite slice of the present, and fear the influx of pushy *nouveaux* which a burgeoning economy promises. At the same time, however (or is it *therefore?*), he loathes or underestimates the technologies which are known and pines for ones that are yet to be born. Nuclear power is a case in point. Seventeen years ago, the SDS called for it in the Port Huron statement. Seventeen years from now there will probably be sit-ins at windmills. This curious attitude is so pervasive it appears in books as diverse as the three reviewed here.

Energy Future is the work of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School; it carries plugs on its jacket from an energy bureaucrat, a liberal economist, two professional environmentalists, and two oil-company executives. Since these are, by and large, the same people who have designed our energy present, one expects the worst.

The expectation is not quite fulfilled. *Energy Future* is unexcitingly but clearly written, and on several points—solar home heating, for instance—the authors are interesting and informative. Ultimately, however, they bog down in a slough of unanalyzed prejudices.

The thesis of *Energy Future* is simple: oil, gas, coal, and nuclear power are either insufficient or unreliable, and America should satisfy increasingly large proportions of its energy needs through conservation and solar power. A pervasive double standard supports this conclusion. Good energy sources get the benefit of almost every doubt, while bad energy sources flounder in epistemological skepticism. Thus, the authors confidently state that "if the United States were to make a serious commitment to conservation, it might well consume 30 to 40 per cent less energy than it does now." Yet when the discussion turns to gas deregulation, they note only that each side "can point to some evidence that appears to support its particular combination of beliefs." This same lopsidedness colors their attitude to leadership: sometimes they urge politicians to take the stump ("a major effort is needed to familiarize farmers, foresters, and businessmen with the benefits and potential of biomass"); at other times, they counsel quietism ("a workable solution [to the nuclear waste problem] will have to satisfy a wide cross-section of the public").

Energy Future is also disturbingly wary of market prices or, rather, of the producers and consumers whose decisions set them. The authors' remedies often run to guidelines and "education," mostly, it seems, because they think people and businesses are too helpless to go it alone. "The homeowner is typically ill-informed about conservation, how to analyze energy use and calculate savings, whom to go to for advice and installation, how to finance, what to put in." Are we really that dumb? Just let the price of natural gas rise, and then, if no more gas is discovered, homeowners will become ingenious beyond the dreams of our business schools—and avid for solar gadgets to boot.



M. JAN

The New Tyranny—How Nuclear Power Enslaves Us concentrates on one of the energy sources rejected by the Harvard team. If the subtitle somehow fails to make the point, author Jungk underlines it in the first paragraph. "In substance there is no difference between 'Atoms for War' and 'Atoms for Peace.' Nothing, neither stated intentions nor applied technology, can alter the inherent dangers of nuclear energy." In the eight hysterical and mendacious chapters which follow, Jungk implies that German and Japanese nuclear power programs are covers for rearmament; asserts that writing papers on bombs, as some college students have done, is tantamount to being able to build one at home; informs us that "many of the guards at nuclear facilities are losers who have failed at other jobs and exhibit fascistic tendencies"; warns, in the same breath, that once security checks for "nuclear plant employees get under way, investigations and background checks will become a way of life"; suggests that routine repairs at nuclear plants are a baleful and unforeseen phenomenon, unique to the nuclear industry (does Jungk understand factories?); and, most incredibly, accuses nuclear power of widening the gap between the "haves" and the "have nots" (does Jungk understand anything?).

WHEN NOT retailing distorted information or mowing down armies of straw men, Jungk writes a prose that would embarrass Charlie Reich. "It is no accident that [the anti-nuclear campaign] encourages street theater, folk music, the artist and poet that is in each of us. . . . You have to be there to feel it." Evidently, *The New Tyranny* has been well received, e.g., in the *New York Times*.

Yet a real-life accident, something like one of Jungk's grimmer fantasies, has occurred, though not in the greedy West, but in the Soviet Union. (Jungk gives one of his two hundred pages to nuclear problems in Communist countries. Special pleading?) Russian geneticist Zhores A. Medvedev casually mentioned a non-nuclear explosion of Russian reactor wastes in an article for *New Scientist* in 1976, assuming that it was common knowledge beyond the Iron Curtain. It wasn't, and Medvedev elaborated in a chapter of *Soviet*



Science (Norton, 1978): "A tragic catastrophe occurred at the end of 1957 in a deserted area of the Cheliabinsk region in the South Urals. . . . This explosion carried heavily contaminated soil over more than a thousand square miles. Strong winds blew the radioactive clouds for dozens of miles. Tens of thousands of people were affected, though the real figure has never been made public. . . . The whole area where the accident occurred is still considered dangerous today."

Nuclear Disaster in the Urals now gives a piece-by-piece survey of the evidence which led Medvedev to this conclusion. The Kremlin was obviously concerned to keep the disaster quiet; at the same time, it could scarcely pass up the opportunity to study the effects of radioactive contamination on plants, animals, and people; and it was the scattered reports of the scientists who did the studying—enigmatic, censored, published with obviously bogus methodologies or no methodologies at all—that gave Medvedev his clues.

Western supporters of nuclear power—including the U.S. Government—have been as reluctant to talk about the Cheliabinsk blast as the Soviets. They shouldn't be: the basic cause of the disaster, as Medvedev makes plain, was totalitarian recklessness. Stalin wanted a bomb for his seventieth birthday, and the most basic safety procedures were jettisoned as dead weight. Active reactor wastes were dumped into insufficiently cooled tanks, where the pressure

rose and rose unheeded for a decade. (Military wastes stored in old tanks in Hanford, Washington have also leaked and festered, although the American Army, more vigilant, has spotted the problem in time.) The question is moot anyway, so far as current debates are concerned—commercial wastes, if embalmed in glass and sunk in caverns, should discommode nothing more than a rock crystal or two.

Someone should tell W. W. Norton & Company, however, for this is what they saw fit to put on the jacket of Medvedev's book: "The radiation leakage at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in Pennsylvania is the most recent example of the potential for disaster. . . . At the same time, a spokesman for the Soviet Union declared that the possibility of such a disaster has never existed in his country because of their superior precautions. In this timely and important book, the governments of both nuclear superpowers are caught in their own deceptions. Zhores A. Medvedev's *Nuclear Disaster in the Urals* is a chilling and sobering revelation of the terrifying path we are being led down." Norton's blurb is a chilling and sobering revelation of the lengths to which axe-grinding will go, even when the author is innocent of it. □

DELECTATIONS

ITALIAN BLONDE

NIKA HAZELTON

The holiday season is creeping nearer, with its need for cheer from glass and bottle. Though the prices of French wines have risen unreasonably, we need not despair. There are still affordable Italian wines, both whites and reds, good for sipping or for quaffing.

Italian wine imports into the United States now top French imports far and away; in 1978, 50.5 per cent of all wine imported into the U.S. came from Italy and only 17.9 per cent from France. The reasons for this sensational increase are not only the attractive prices, but also the enormous improvement in the quality of Italian wines during the last ten years. This is due to better grapes, up-to-date winery equipment, and the

adoption in 1963 of a new set of wine laws, stricter than the French ones. Wines that have met the new standards of quality get the DOC (Denominazione di Origine Controllata) stamp on their labels (or a legend indicating they are worthy of it), which guarantees that the wine is from the region indicated and made from specific grapes and in specific ways. Though there are good non-DOC wines, the best vintages are so identified.

The wines mentioned in this article (all of them white wines—I will discuss Italian reds in a later column) are wines I consider good to drink and excellent value for the money. NOTE—I bought these wines in the late spring of this year and, since prices have gone up somewhat in the meantime, I suggest that you add 10 to 15 per cent to the prices quoted. Prices are New York City prices.

NOT VERY long ago, the only Italian white wines familiar to Americans were Soave and Orvieto. But now the national thirst for whites is so great it cannot be slaked by French imports (too few and too dear) or California wines (also too few), so other Italian whites have come into their own. Among the best are those that come from northeastern Italy, the Friuli and Venezia Giulia regions. These wines are named for the grapes from which they are made, and they are deliciously fresh, fruity, and crisp. The Pinot Grigios have especially taken our fancy; among the ones I admire are the 1977 Pinot Grigio Enofriulia (\$3) and the Pinot Grigio Duca Badoglio (\$3.50). I also admire Livio Felluga's Pinot Bianco and his Tocai (a different grape variety from the Hungarian Tokay); both are \$4.50 for the 1978 vintage. A fine non-vintage white wine from Longrady is Nino Negri's Castel Chiuro, at \$4.50; it is fresh, fruity, and a little bubbly. An excellent dry white wine from Tuscany, along the lines of a minor Burgundy, is the clean, full-bodied 1977 and 1978 Villa Antinori Bianco at around \$5; like all the Antinori wines, it is elegant, with a classy label.

Among the Soaves, I think the fifty-ounce bottle from Folonari is a good buy at under \$5, as is the two-litre bot-

tle of Soave Barbella. Both are fine for quaffing. For more refined drinking, I prefer the 1976 Ruffino Soave Classico Superiore at \$4, crisp and with far more character than is found in most Soaves. Among the equally popular Orvietos, I prefer the dry to the mellow, and especially the 1977 dry Orvieto Classico Tenuta le Velette (around \$3).

Until a few years ago, it was thought that no white wines from Rome or points south could travel to the United States and arrive tasting as people nostalgically remembered them. All this has changed now, thanks not only to better grapes, but to the new vinification techniques (the methods used to make wine). These techniques require much complex machinery; cold fermentation, automatically cooled storage tanks, and advances in methods of filtration, stabilization, storage, and bottling are among the factors that make it possible to produce wines that are crisp, clean, and ages away from their non-traveling predecessors. Since it takes a great deal of capital to purchase all this machinery, the new wineries tend to be large and commercial, and frequently they are run by cooperatives of grape growers. This is all to the good, because

it is extremely difficult in a hot climate to make good white wines on limited means. Besides, few of the local people in that part of Italy are equipped for this sort of thing, though they know how to grow fine grapes. A Roman wine, the Frascati Fontana Candida, is a good commercial wine, at \$3.50, and so is the one I prefer, the Castel

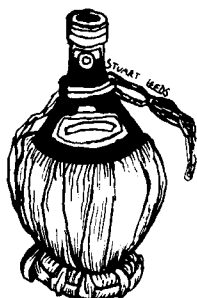
Chaulero Trebbiano from the Abruzzi, a pale, well-balanced dry wine, and a good buy at \$4.50 for a fifty-ounce bottle.

Sicilian wines are beginning to appear in the United States, and most prominent among these are the white and red wines of Corvo Duca di Salaparuta (the founder of the house, which is no longer ducal but strictly and very commercial). Corvo white, at around \$5, is a clean, dry, well-balanced, and rather bland wine, one of those safe bets.

Unfortunately, space forbids me to mention more wines. But I would like to add this to my remarks, because I am frequently asked what I think of the

widely distributed commercial producers like Bolla, Bertani, Folonari, Ruffino, Fazi Battaglia, Antinori, and others. All of these producers make a number of different wines, with their names prominently displayed on the labels. Almost invariably, these wines are clean, well-made, and of a predictable quality; after all, they are guaranteed by their producers. Some are overpriced, but, when in doubt in a shop or a restaurant, I find it best to avoid unfamiliar or dubious wines and stick to a known, reliable brand.

Finally, and very importantly: all the Italian white wines should be drunk when they are two or three years old—four at the outside; at these ages they are at their best. Check the vintages, and, in the case of non-vintage wines, get them from a shop with a rapid turnover. I have yet to meet a wine sales clerk who pays attention to vintages. Above all, experiment with new wines. Buy a bottle before buying a case, and you will discover that searching for something new to drink can be very rewarding. And if it is not, at least you won't have spent more than a few dollars. □



The GIMLET EYE

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

D. KEITH MANO

Ssssst. You. Yes, you. Over here. Come on, Jack, you can admit it. Just between the two of us. Those advertisements piqued your glammis, didn't they? Uh-uh, don't try to lame me with that coy, vacant look. We understand each other. I mean the ads that say: DO YOU MAKE THESE DUMB MISTAKES WITH GIRLS? They're all over: full-page in, say, *Penthouse*—where any full page has gotta cost more than a semester at Groton. You know it: the ad with Polaroid-plain photography of some wench who looks sensual as a stunned turbot. Her last name is vintage Havelock-Ellis: like Lyn A. or Beth C. I quote Patty T.: "If a man expects to get anywhere with girls now-a-days he better learn how 'not' to act with us." Remember Patty T.? You probably dated her: once.

The ad text is shameless: so, I fear, is

the solitude and frustration in which many men live. Charles Silverman (of Silverman, ha, Research) has learned to leech off emptiness as anaerobic bacteria do. Old Charlie has no conscience: he'd promise love and sexual gratification to *Zinjanthropus* at \$10 the dose. Listen: "You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with looks . . . with personality or age . . . with money)." That means you, Sigmoid: no matter if you speak with a glottal honk; no matter if your face looks like it was pressed in Volume PQ of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* since 1947. No matter: "Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become 'super easy' for you to get many of these beautiful girls to sleep with you (think about that)." Sleep from boredom maybe: while standing beside you on the 79th Street bus.

ANYWAY and nonetheless I push Charlie a pair of fins by mail: heck, how can I lose? See, "If I haven't met and dated all the girls I have my heart set on, I may return it for double-my-money-back." One month later I get this thirty-page photo-offset book: no more than a leaflet with too much self-esteem. That plus some shifty whereases on my guarantee. 1) I have to keep the book for at least one year. (Imagine: and I can't even find my 1978 tax return; also, 12 months from now, Mr. Silverfish may be beaching it up, happy and unextraditable, in Acapulco.) 2) A Xerox of my check is required. 3) The book has to be sent back "in reasonably good condition" (unread, I guess). 4) Those of you who mailed cash "must return the wrapper" bearing a year-old postmark. Now answer me: who would keep a plain brown envelope? None of the above 1) through 4) has appeared in Charlie's ad text. I could complain but, blow it, by 1981 I'll be sleeping with Sandra M. and Sally N. and Jackie O.

If—a large conditional—IF Mss. M., N., and O. are bulk-rate durfs. The Silverman method is part Dr. Coué (something like: Every day in every way I'll get glibber and glibber). And part patina-deep negative advice: e.g., don't use "run-of-the-mill pick-up lines." Fine enough: except that nowhere in his horn-book of philandery will Silverman recommend even one unmilled conversational gambit. You've gotta become a singles' set Oscar Wilde overnight: by some gaseous infusion maybe. Appreciate

this stunning and incisive flight plan filed for copulation:

1. Meet girl
2. Date girl
3. Seduce girl

Also "Sometimes numbers two and three can be accomplished in the same day (but only if number one had already been accomplished prior to that time)." A ten-spot I paid for this wimp-sewn disclosure: talk about devaluation. But "Keep in mind—we're not suggesting that there is any hard work involved in getting a girl to sleep with you." Jesus forfend: only losers do hard work. And American men know: the last free lunch is in bed.

Lucky us: Silverman has pricked out a "100% Self-Correcting System." The drift of this mealy humbug is: you make Nine Basic Mistakes so, so—so *stop making them*. I could correct, oh, #4: "Not looking directly into a girl's eyes." Or even #8: "Trying to get a girl into bed on the first date." But how do I juxtapose #2 ("Waiting too long before making a move.") and #7 ("Acting pushy . . . appearing over-anxious.")? Should I approach sideways, left leg aggressive, right schlepped behind? The Basic Nine suck up 23 of thirty pages: mere stenographic repetition after repetition. But no rote drum tattoo can cure, say, big #5: "Lack of confidence." At this rate let a thousand wallflowers bloom.

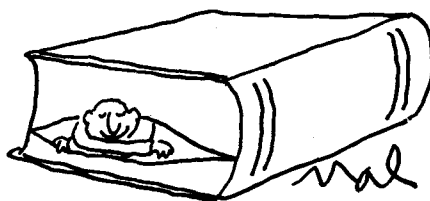
Best of all, I've gotta write my Basic Nine on "index cards . . . small enough . . . to fit in your jacket or shirt pocket . . . print clearly and neatly." Right: you can hear it coming.

"Hi. Uh. Notice I'm not using a run-of-the-mill pick-up line."

"Oh?"

"Oh? What's next after, Oh? Listen, can you read this index card? Damn dark in these cheapo singles' bars."

Well, there is a more inflamed issue here. Like it or not women are currency: they represent a male's one non-taxable asset. Ralph down at the Arco station might really believe God has created him equal—really, until Lance Shtuppem boogies past with a high-hoofing blonde bazoo. What could



HEW do to end such rank discrimination: infect Lance with total eczema at public expense? Meanwhile chine-deep bitterness scouts the land. In this civilization, where gorgeous women are—even more than money—an emblem of male triumph, sullen third-raters rage. And Silverman can scoop up ten per rage, because we've misinformed men about their imparity. Must be some trick to it, they suppose: some form I didn't fill out. But a bed is your great equalizer. Watch: in time egalitarians will want to assess men by the status value of their women. Or we will all walk silent and masked. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ONLY CHILDREN, by Alison Lurie (*Random House*, 259 pp., \$9.95). Children live in a different world from adults. It is a world highlighted by fantasy and fear, the latter largely the result of bits and pieces of the adult world that are absorbed by the imagination of children. Because parents are the adults that children experience most sensitively, children are often far more keenly aware than their parents may suspect of what they say and do. All of this comes into focus in this new novel by the author of *The War between the Tates*. In the midst of the Depression (the year is 1935), two middle-class couples and their young children spend the Fourth of July weekend at the country home of the headmistress of the progressive school the children attend. We note the Depression as experienced by the middle class—minor discomforts, much talk, and the knowledge that others are much worse off. Adults lapse into reminiscences, delight in game-playing, maintain secret relationships—in short, they drift back into childhood. As the worlds of adult and child grow closer, the children see their parents more closely. The revelations are both shocking and illuminating, and the children are taken one step closer to adulthood. At least, I think that this is what Miss Lurie wishes the reader to see; but within the confines of this novel, I do not find this happening. To me, the whole weekend affair is like a dream that may or may not have left an impression on the subconscious, but the conscious mind remembers nothing. The children do not change. And while I am fascinated with the idea of the parallel yet different worlds of adult and child, and love the abandon of the author's writing when she sees through the eyes of a child and feels free to sound her words, break rules, even produce nonsense, I find, on the whole, that the writing is not up to the seriousness of
(Continues on page 1579)



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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1576)

the subject. I have no time for her adults, who are no more than stock characters spewing trite and patterned language. I am critical of her technique of contrasting couples and producing similarities between opposite spouses strictly for effect. I find that most of the ideas brought up in the novel are left unresolved. The children, I admit, are wonderful characters when they act like children; but when they begin to analyze their parents, I wonder if Miss Lurie truly wants me to take all of this seriously. THOMAS BRIDGES

THE DUEL OF THE GIANTS: *China and Russia in Asia*, by Drew Middleton (Scribner's, 241 pp., \$10.95). Mr. Middleton, military correspondent for the *New York Times*, calls his study "one man's assessment of the military, political, and economic situation in East Asia." Though written before Washington's establishment of diplomatic ties with Peking and the recent fighting in Southeast Asia, it is nonetheless as reliable an account of the current status and likely future course of Sino-Soviet relations as we can reasonably expect. Whatever the meaning of events in China since Mao's death, Middleton

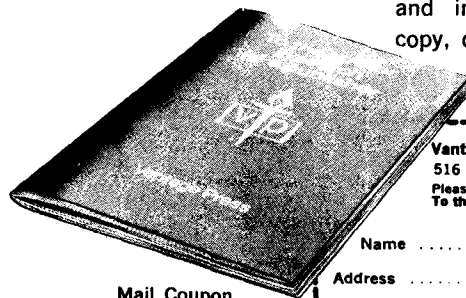
argues persuasively that Peking's fear and distrust of Moscow have not abated. The view from the Kremlin may be inferred from the sheer magnitude of Russia's military buildup along the Chinese border. Middleton convincingly details the vast superiority of the Muscovite military-industrial complex over the Chinese. But his most intriguing, if necessarily somewhat conjectural, pages deal with the likelihood, nature, and possible course of a major war between the two countries. Though neither imminent nor inevitable, such a showdown is, he opines, "probable." For the rest, he fears that should a Sino-Soviet war come in the near future, the United States will be confronted with a very difficult decision: whether or not to send military supplies to a badly outmatched China in order to preclude a massive and decisive tilt of the vital Eurasian power balance in the direction of Moscow. Whatever one's personal response to such projections, one thing seems certain: we can best deter the Soviets from this and all ventures designed to effect a serious alteration in the world's balance of power only if our own power and the firmness of will required to use it are beyond question. Middleton, meanwhile, provocatively surveys the potential for just such an ambitious Soviet venture. MICHAEL CONNORS

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Mud on His Face

On The Right

New York, Nov. 12—Roger Mudd's already famous CBS documentary on Senator Kennedy, aired ten days ago, has been widely reviewed as having caused "Teddy" (as the documentary was called) to twist slowly, slowly in the wind. It is correct, as we shall see, that Senator Kennedy turned in a performance so awful, so unconvincing, as to cause a general alarm everywhere except in the Carter White House. But there should also be a quite general alarm over some of the questions Roger Mudd asked him.

Mudd: "What sort of separatism should the press maintain between your public life and your private life?"

Comment: Why should such a question be put to Senator Kennedy? Mudd is much better qualified to pass judgment on the matter than Kennedy. Mudd is a professional journalist, and under the circumstances it is he who has to decide whether a particular question is proper. Kennedy missed an opportunity. He replied:

Kennedy: "I think there is a natural inquisitiveness of people about all aspects of people's lives. I mean I understand that." Mudd didn't waste a second:

M: "What's the present state of your marriage, Senator?"

Now, no one doubts that there is a "natural inquisitiveness of people" about "all aspects of people's lives." But, you see, that isn't the question—not the question Mudd asked, nor the question that concerns us all. That question is: What is it that the people are entitled to know about other people's private lives? One can be pruriently inquisitive about the conjugal and extra-conjugal life of anyone at all, but the question before the house is whether CBS is entitled to probe private lives on coast-to-coast television. How did Kennedy answer the question?

"Well I think that it's a . . . it's had some difficult times, but I think we have . . . we, I think have been able to make some very good progress and it's . . . I would say that it's it's it's . . . delighted that we're able to, to share the time and the relationship that we, that we do share." In other words, Senator Kennedy said absolutely nothing at all in his constellation of incoherencies.

But Mudd would not stop.

M: "Are you separated or what? How do you describe the situation?"

It is too painful to reproduce the 75 words in which Mr. Kennedy writhed in answer to the question. What he should have said is: "My wife has been ill, treatment continues, and we are very hopeful." Not so difficult—right? Where did Mudd then go?

M: "Is there a prospect that she will soon resume her life with you in Washington?"

"Well, we will have ah . . . the most important is for her full and complete recovery [sic], she's made enormous strides. Doing exceedingly well and I think she's taking, we're taking it day by day, or week by week."

Why didn't Kennedy say: "That depends on a number of medical and emotional factors"?

A half-hour later, Chappaquiddick having intervened, Mudd dived again:

M: "What are you going to do, Senator, during the campaign with the published reports that link you to—other women? Other than your wife? How to deal with that issue?"

Again, let us spare ourselves the transcription of Kennedy's bumbling reply, which had nothing to do with the question. He might have said: "How do I propose to deal with that issue? By not talking about it. If I had to deal with every rumor about me or about members of my family, I would a) be left without the time to devote to public policy; and b) find myself implicitly endorsing the proposition that everyone has a right to know everything about the private lives of people who run for office."

There is no excusing Senator Kennedy's awkward performance. But neither is there any excusing Roger Mudd's tasteless inquiries. Kennedy is running for President, not for *arbiter elegantiae*. Mudd should know more than Kennedy about such matters. We may not want Kennedy for President, but we don't want paparazzi doing CBS documentaries on people running for President. □

MUDD AND TEDDY

New York, Nov. 14—My position has been that Chappaquiddick ought not to have figured in the discussion of Senator Kennedy's candidacy, but—ironically—it was he, and not so much

his interrogators, who is primarily responsible for dredging up the entire business all over again. After the painful half-hour devoted to Chappaquiddick during the CBS documentary by Roger Mudd, the *Wall Street Journal* was so indignant it ran photographs of the main, paved road leading to the ferry, and of the dirt, washboard road leading to the fatal bridge. I doubt that the *Wall Street Journal* ran a photograph of Pearl Harbor; but the editors were right to be appalled by what they had seen and heard on television and to give graphic representation of the causes of their indignation.

SENATOR KENNEDY had three alternatives when questioned about Chappaquiddick. He might have said, 1) "I have said everything I intend to say on the subject. Please get on with other matters." Or he might have said, 2) "Roger, I've been stewing about it all these years, and I want to take this opportunity to come clean—here's what really happened." Or he might have said, 3) "Go ahead ask me anything you like." He chose 3) and then simply reiterated what he had said ten years ago. Time has not mellowed his story.

But there was no standing in the way of his insistence that he retell it.

Kennedy: "Well, I will answer any question that—that you have, or that you have right now, I'll answer any question that you ask me, and I'll answer any question that is asked me during the course of a campaign." And, seconds later: "Sure—I—as I say I'll answer any of the any of the questions that—that do come up—during the course of a campaign. . . . I will answer the questions, if you have any questions right now—you ask them to me. Because I will answer them. I have answered them in the past—I will answer them completely, honestly, and to the best of my ability. And I am glad to answer any questions that you have right now, on any of the aspects of it."

I count nine times he used the word "answer" in one minute of television time. One cannot record any greater anxiety to turn to the subject than this, and Roger Mudd took full advantage of it.

The key question in Chappaquiddick—the question comparable to Howard Baker's famous summary of the purpose of the Watergate investigation ("What did

Nixon know? And when did he know it?") —is the abrupt turn to the right onto Dyke Road. Because if that turn was intentional, then the balance of Senator Kennedy's account is derivatively incredible. And if that is so, profound questions are raised—about his deportment, about Massachusetts justice, and about a vast conspiracy to hide the truth.

The photographs published by the *Journal* were revealing. But not nearly so much as CBS's camera which, at night, at a driver's eye level, followed headlights at the speed Kennedy reported he had driven, from the rented house to the famous turn. Roger Mudd, following the CBS camera, said: "After a minute or two of driving, the reflector sign, the yellow line, and the hard surface of the road all indicated that the main street to the ferry bore sharply to the left. But Kennedy turned sharply to the right."

Now I, and hundreds of thousands of others, have traveled that road (I for the first time 25 years ago). The main road urges you to the left; indeed it does so achingly. It is as probable that Mr. Kennedy turned to the right by mistake as it would be that a jockey coming to the turn suddenly veered off to the right and raced down a tiny little access road through an abutting forest. Not only did Senator Kennedy fail to acknowledge the flat inconceivability of anyone's unintentionally taking that turn to the right, he went in the other direction, insisting that it might have happened to anybody. "I was unfamiliar with the road," he had said in 1969 in his televised statement on the matter, "and turned right . . . instead of bearing hard left." And to Roger Mudd he volunteered this geographical note: "The difference between paved and unpaved for anyone that lives on the Cape Cod or visits the island, the roads are indistinguishable." They are as indistinguishable as a lie from a truth.

THE TOUGH conclusion drawn by the *Wall Street Journal* came after reproducing the report of Justice James Boyle, who presided over the inquest: "I infer a reasonable and probable explanation of the totality of the facts is that Kennedy and Kopechne did *not* intend to return to Edgartown . . . that Kennedy did *not* intend to drive to the ferry slip, and his turn onto Dyke Road was intentional. . . . Earlier on July 18, he had been driven over Chappaquiddick Road three times, and over Dyke Road and Dyke Bridge twice. Kopechne had been driven over Chappaquiddick Road five times and over Dyke Road and Dyke Bridge twice."

The *Wall Street Journal's* conclusion is, in a spooky way, congruent with Senator Kennedy's insistence that he be asked the questions, that he is prepared to answer

them. "The public and press are by now highly sensitized to the issue of credibility, having seen Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon forced out of office because their word was no longer believed. As Edward Kennedy announces for the Presidency, voters will have to ask themselves whether they can believe his account of the major crisis of his life, and whether they can believe what he would tell them about any crisis of his Presidency." □

KENNEDY ON KENNEDY

New York, Nov. 16—In Roger Mudd's celebrated documentary on Senator Kennedy, Mudd asked personal questions he shouldn't have asked, and Kennedy bravely volunteered to answer any questions about Chappaquiddick, which he proceeded not to answer. But, eventually, the program turned to more general matters. Roger Mudd felt required to caution the audience. "On the stump," he said, "Kennedy can be dominating, imposing, and masterful. But off the stump, in personal interviews, he can become stilted, elliptical . . ."

Now here is something not everyone knows, though we all should. It is that even men of orderly thinking habits can sound absolutely incoherent when the same words that effectively communicate in conversation are transcribed on paper. Those who read the famous Nixon tapes sometimes actually could not decipher the intended meaning of some of the exchanges between the President and his advisors, and yet it is clear from the context that the participants understood each other without any problem.

So well recognized is this phenomenon that for generations no presidential utterances at a press conference were permitted to be literally transcribed. Only a paraphrase of what the President said was authorized. Thus, if a President were to say, "The Iraqis—I mean the Iranians—I mean the Iranians are are are, well, it's been a rough situation, we're all working on it, and I'm calling in the the Secretary of er State and this afternoon, I mean tonight, there's going to be a meeting, a meeting, a National Security Council meeting"—that mess used to go out over the wires as: "The President announced that he would summon the National Security Council to meet tonight to discuss the deteriorating Iranian situation."

But interestingly enough, it was Dwight Eisenhower who changed that, permitting literal quotations of his responses. And they became the joke of the 1950s. No Democratic jubilee was complete without a verbatim reading from President Eisenhower's most recent press conference. Still, the General was in fact an effective communicator, and we all know that if in 1944

he said to his staff, "We're gonna land the boys in Brittany, I mean Calais, I mean Normandy," the divisions in fact were dispatched to the area that Eisenhower intended.

But the question now raised is not so much whether Senator Kennedy can articulate his thoughts, as whether he has any thoughts to articulate. Mary McGrory threw up the towel on hearing him: ". . . the Senator, even when invited to expand on themes of his own choosing, like leadership, is not articulate, or even coherent." Jimmy Breslin wrote that "as he [Kennedy] spoke he had so many er—ah combinations that it strained the ear to catch the real words."

Mudd: "Why do you want to be President?"

Kennedy: "Well I'm—Were I to make the announcement, and to run, the reasons that I would run is because I have a great belief in this country, that it is—there's more natural resources than any nation of the world; there's the greatest educated population in the world; greatest technology of any country in the world; and the greatest political system in the world." The Senator concluded his statement on why he would run: "And the energies and the resourcefulness of this nation, I think, should be focused on these problems in a way that brings a sense of restoration—in this country by its people to—in dealing with the problems that we face. Primarily the issues on the economy, the problems of inflation, and the problems of—energy. And—I would basically feel that—that it's imperative for this country to either move forward; that it can't stand still or otherwise it moves backward."

THAT PARAGRAPH sounds distressingly like one of those student papers people are always printing to document the charge that 16-year-olds are illiterate. I fear this charge is here fairly leveled even if one discounts what one might call the Eisenhower Factor. And unhappily, on the very few points on which Senator Kennedy was absolutely concrete, he was absolutely wrong. "Effectively," he said, "the decontrolling of crude-oil prices has added anywhere from 3 to 4 per cent—three to four points on the inflation rate, let alone what it has done as—in a multiplier effect on the inflation—the rate."

Within 24 hours, the White House issued an announcement, namely that the effect of decontrol on inflation in the United States in 1979 is calculated at 0.2 to 0.3 per cent. Kennedy was off by a factor of ten. One thousand per cent. A day later, Kennedy's office sheepishly acknowledged the error.

Teddy should have stayed at home. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

DEFINITIONS

A. A small bit of equipment for a football game + one of the players = a short chain used for protecting a timepiece

B. Maiden name of a famous aviator's wife

C. Where WORD B's future husband landed after a long flight

D. This inspired the French; the name of an airplane

E. Came forth gradually into being

F. New York hotel owner (born in France) who offered \$25,000 for first nonstop flight between New York City and France

G. The religious service observed by Jews every morning

H. Dwelling place that may be found in the wide-open spaces or in suburbia

I. Best or most favorable

J. Cutting the wool crop; this is also done in Wall Street

K. Globular

L. One of the Psalms

M. _____ with all its fears.—*The Building of the Ship*, Longfellow

N. A device for examining and splicing film

O. The home (in Minn.) of a famous aviator

P. NASH MET BUM

Q. A British light sub-machine gun

R. Stupid

S. BATH SAND

T. A former Field in Brooklyn

U. TRUE IONS

V. Where a certain bivalve mollusk sleeps

169 43 96 140 217 197 7 129 4 10

180 3 29 40 95 125 139 142 8 17

27 79 131 149 174 187 189

51 11 80 173 26 32 62 86 90 185

28 195 112 134

72 1 9 12 45 213 61 74 88 97

110 124 145 118 162 132 136 154

76 120 144 113 194 117 184

100 22 69 42 211 57 157 160 179 192

92 218 123

114 63 126 21 108 49 196 78 38 116

130 102 122 181 25 36 71 158 219 128

31 44 53 56 67 81 85

151 138 41 52 159 175 190 204 37 186

215 212 99

205 152 172 105 14 111 48

214 30 60 70 93 166 216 183 13 65

104 202

83 66 19 191 133 119 148 5

2 58 121 164 199 23

6 15 24 35 46 84 98 68 73 55

89

20 188 146 176 107 77 137 109 208 115

39 171 150 201

82 203 47 127 75 135 147 153 168 193

209

91 141 103 50 207 161 33 155

94 177 16 156 206 34

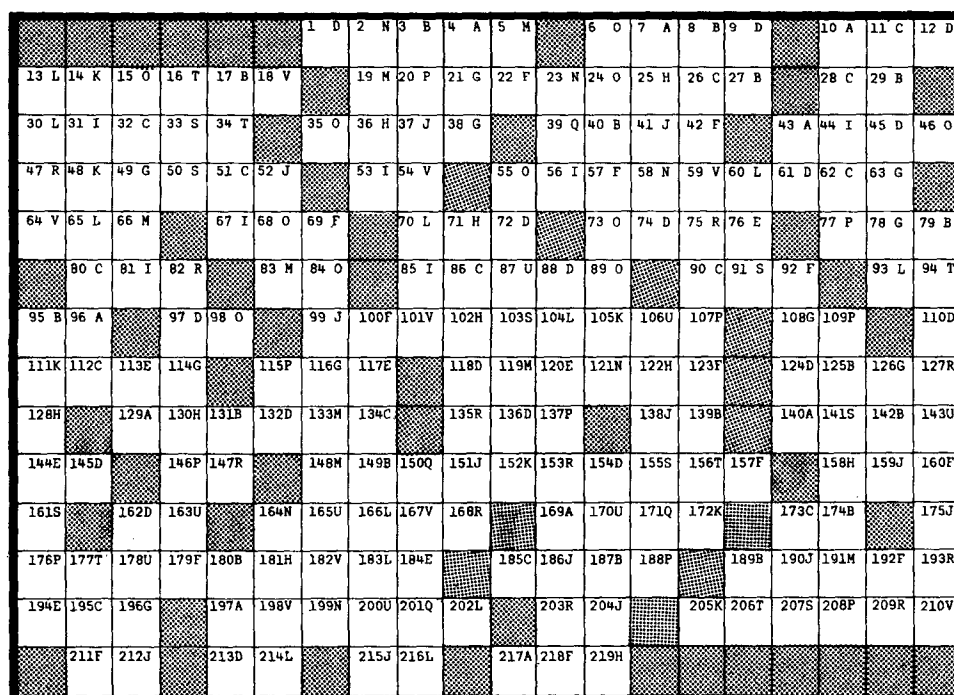
163 165 200 178 170 143 87 106

54 64 210 182 101 198 59 167 18

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1578 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



Now if only they knew their fraternity would be perpetuated! Madison Jones, novelist and writer-in-residence at Auburn University, wasn't at all sure of the future of Southern literature. Southerners like Styron and Capote don't know evil from a hole in the ground, Jones believes; or if they do, they fail to show it. Moreover, the changing South—"Look at Atlanta, Georgia!"—militates against the kind of consciousness Jones sees as having influenced the craft of Faulkner and O'Connor.

It was neither the present nor the future, however, but the past that produced the weekend's principal controversy. Professors M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas and Harry Jaffa of Claremont Men's College unsheathed rapiers again, Bradford lunging at the reputation of Abraham Lincoln, Jaffa parrying with all his might.

Bradford's arraignment of Father Abraham was sweeping: Lincoln was "duplicious" on the question of freeing the slaves; he launched the corruptions of the Gilded Age; he abused the powers of Commander-in-Chief, playing Republican politics with the war effort; he brought on the war by provoking the attack on Fort Sumter; above all, he cloaked his base objectives in religious rhetoric. Jaffa vigorously riposted. Lincoln was no villain; rather he was a pragmatic politician, operating without precedents. And the war he "started" solved the country's paramount political question, slavery.

Not that the debate itself resolved anything, or that anyone expected it would. Still, some fine, spirited blows were traded, some gleaming intellectual armament deployed.

And the South itself, the object of so much scholarly contemplation; John C. Calhoun's "poor South," for which obituaries are eternally being drafted and set up in type—what, finally, of the South, and of its prospects in the Kentucky Colonel fried-chicken age?

Hold the presses. It would seem to the Philadelphia Society that the mannerly, easy-going, God-fearing South, plaster on its jaw and a cast on its foot, lives on. And, what's more, it looks as if it will be good for quite a while longer. They grow 'em tough down here, as Mr. Lincoln doubtless would testify. □

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Blue
Sun
Yellow
Fire
Red

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5'4" to 5'6"	Large
Over 5'6"	Extra Large

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No less remarkable than Triumph itself, is the technology that enabled us to build it.

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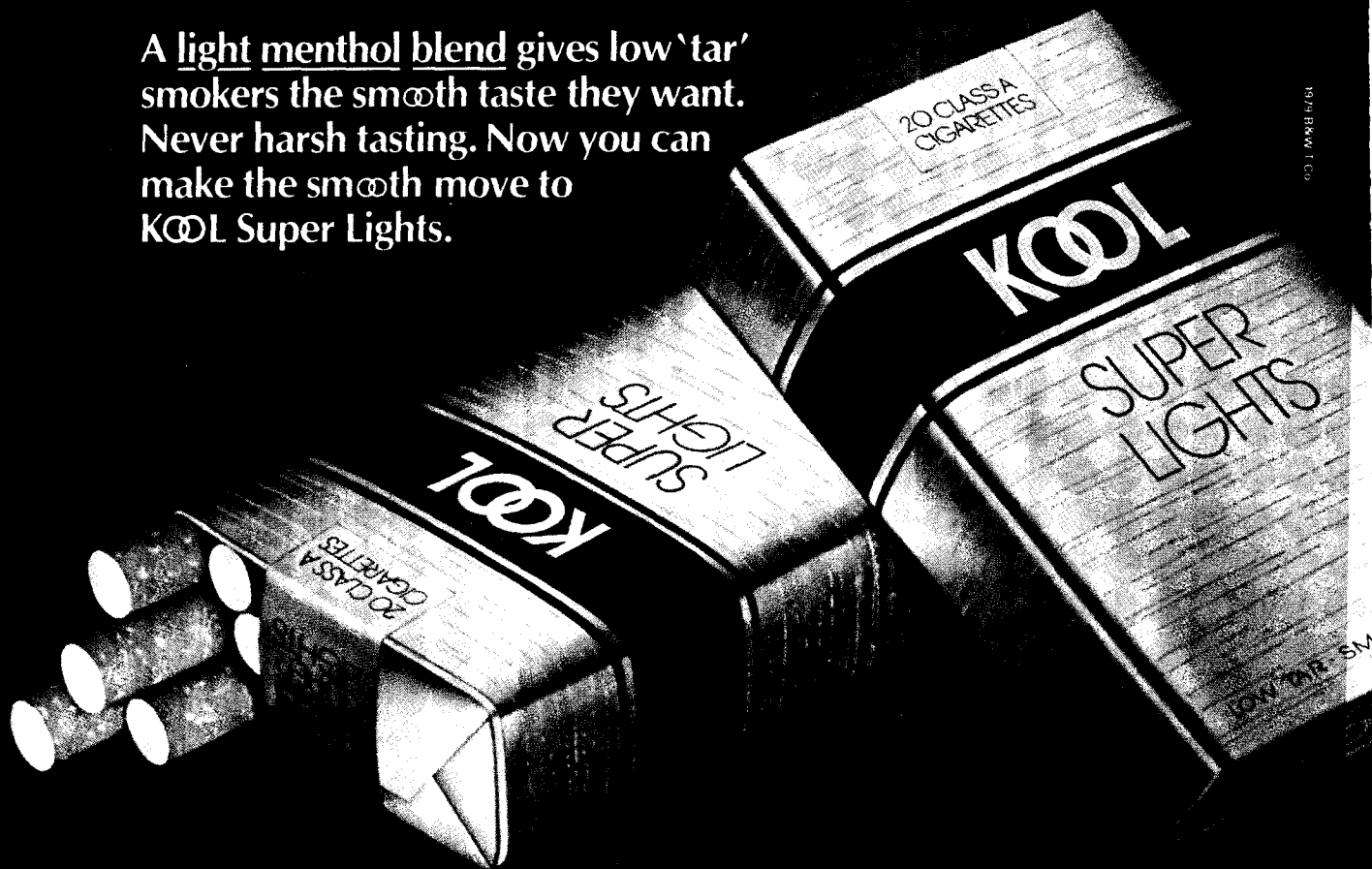
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

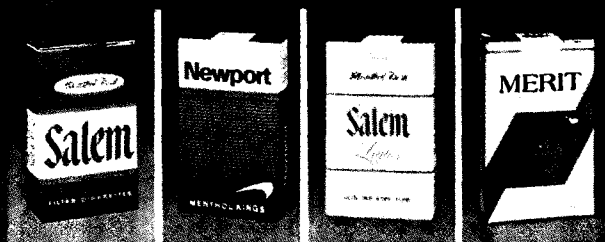
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10 mg. 'tar'

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**